

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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RAIN IN SPRING.

THE sweet, sweet rain is falling,
Lightly and fast.
A month we prayed it vainly; —
'Tis here at last!

Drenching the dusty hedges
And fallow roods;
Spreading green on pastures,
Purpling the woods.

The farmer stands in the furrow —
Idle his hand,
Gazing, with deep contentment,
Over the land.

Last night he dreamed of famine;
The brook was dry,
The fields were scorched and arid, —
Bitter the sky.

Sickened the corn, and the tender
Flax, and the wheat;
Sickened the kine through longing
For pasture sweet.

The wind had licked the herbage
Into the roots,
Sucked its sap, and withered
The youngling shoots.

The rosebuds ached and shuddered,
And one lay dead;
The pear-tree wept its blossoms
In pain and dread.

Never a bird had a ditty,
Not e'en the thrush;
The lark lay hid in the meadow,
And all a-hush.

But rain has come, and the throistle
Is wild with mirth;
For lovely rivers are cooling
The heart of the earth.

And over the land a vivid
Blooming of green,
Shows where the tender April
Hath lately been

Kindly at work, though hidden
By harsher powers.
Now are her gifts discovered
By May's soft showers.

Now shall the streamlet bubble,
The lily blow;
Fays in the heart of the forest
Shall come and go.

Now shall the rose-buds kindle,
And laugh in tears;
Now shall the fondling sunshine
Banish their fears.

Now shall they stand by the ripening
Of pear and plum;
The day of their sweet perfection
Shall surely come.

Leaning their heads together
In lovely pride,
Showing their blushing hearts
To the midsumm'er tide;

Thus shall the flush of their beauty
Make earth more fair;
Thus shall their fragrant breathing
Refresh the air.

The Month.

FAILURE.

THE Lord, Who fashioned my hands for work-
ing,

Set me a task, and it is not done;
I tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so little and weak as I —
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me cheerfully toiling,
Showed me their work as they passed away;
Filled were their hands to overflowing,
Proud were their hearts and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
In at the golden gate of their rest;
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,
Failing ever in spite of their aid!
Fain would their love have borne me with them,
But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name,
The Voice will find me still at my labour,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
And, when He looks for the fruits of years,
Nothing have I to lay before Him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten —
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross;
And the Lord Who made them so frail and fee-
ble
Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

The Month.

From The Edinburgh Review.
LORD BROUGHTON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF
A LONG LIFE.*

LORD PALMERSTON and Lord Broughton — who was better known to his contemporaries, as he will be to posterity, by the familiar name of John Cam Hobhouse — were born within a few months of each other; the one in 1784, the other in 1783. The lives of both these eminent men were extended to the furthest span of human existence, for they passed the age of fourscore in full possession of their faculties. The time in which their lives were cast was the most eventful period of modern history; and in the parliamentary and administrative service of their country both of them bore a conspicuous part. Although Lord Palmerston entered life as a political descendant of Pitt and Canning, with all the advantages of high birth and early official connexions, whilst Hobhouse sprang from a humbler stock of Bristol merchants and Dissenters, and owed his early celebrity to the vehemence of his liberal opinions, they met at last in the Cabinets of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, and no two members of those Administrations more cordially agreed in spirit and in policy, for they had both reached that broad and secure ground of Whig principles on which the Conservative traditions of the one blended with the Radical tendencies of the other.

The life of Lord Palmerston has in part been written and published by one who, as a public servant and a private friend, is eminently qualified to do justice to that great Minister. The work in its unfinished state has already been fully examined by several of our contemporaries. We reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed and we will then endeavour to take a connected survey of Lord Palmerston's political career. The same remark applies to the publication of the first volume of the Autobiography of another veteran of still higher distinction in the ranks of the Whig

party, and of peculiar interest to ourselves, — we allude of course to the Memoirs of Lord Brougham, written by himself after he had completed his eightieth year. But in this case also we must be content to wait until the work is more advanced. At present our task is altogether different. The volumes before us — five goodly octavos — contain Lord Broughton's own reminiscences of his long and varied life. They were extracted by himself in the years immediately preceding the close of it, from journals and memoranda he had kept in his possession. They contain a vast variety of incident and anecdote, acute sketches of character, animated pictures of parliamentary contests now almost forgotten, and sometimes important elucidations of curious passages in ministerial history. But the form given to this interesting record by its author is not such as to justify its complete publication in its present shape or at the present time. These volumes were printed solely for Lord Broughton's own use, or at most for the amusement of his own family, and to ensure the preservation of them. They have therefore not the strictly confidential character of private manuscripts, but neither were they intended for the public eye: accordingly they have been communicated with the greatest reserve and to very few persons. We are however enabled, by the kind permission of his nearest representatives, to make use of them on the present occasion for the purpose of presenting to our readers a sketch of the life of one of the ablest and most energetic members of the Liberal party and champions of the Liberal cause, in times now long gone by. It has been thought that, if there be one place more than another in which such a sketch may appropriately appear, it is in the pages of this Journal, which may be regarded as a contemporary of Hobhouse himself, and which has won whatever reputation and influence it possesses on the same fields on which he contended. Much, no doubt, must be left unsaid in reviewing memoirs of a confidential character, relating to times and persons still so near to us. We shall exercise a discreet forbearance with reference to some points and some characters, which may

* *Recollections of a Long Life* (1783-1869). By the late LORD BROUGHTON DE LYFFORD. 5 vols. 8vo. [Not published.] 1865.

2 *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Temple, with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence*. By the Right Hon. Sir HENRY LYTTON BULWER, G.C.B., M.P. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1870.

hereafter be more fully disclosed; but enough and more than enough remains to accomplish our principal object, which is to preserve in these pages a memorial of a very honest politician, a high-spirited and accomplished member of society, and an able Minister of the Crown.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE was born on the 27th June, 1786, at Redland, near Bristol. His father was the second son of a Bristol merchant; his mother the daughter of Mr. Cam of Bradford in Wiltshire. The lady was a Dissenter; and so was Miss Parry, his father's second wife. Young Hobhouse was therefore sent in the first instance to a school at Bristol, kept by a Unitarian Minister, Dr. Estlin. His boyhood was spent amongst that highly respectable and intelligent class of English Presbyterians, who were ever cordially attached to the cause of Liberal opinions, then highly unpopular in England. Party spirit never ran higher than it did during the early years of the French Revolution; and the societies of Liberal Dissenters were the most enthusiastic advocates of the cause of freedom. Coleridge and Southey, then in their republican phase, used to frequent Dr. Estlin's modest suppers at Bristol; and Humphry Davy, then an apothecary's assistant on St. Michael's Hill, assisted Dr. Beddoes when he lectured on chemistry to the townspeople.

But notwithstanding these democratic connexions, Mr. Hobhouse the father was a man of property and good family. He stood for Bristol, and was beaten at the election of 1796, but was soon afterwards returned for the borough of Grampound. In 1812 he obtained a baronetcy, which afterwards devolved on his son. This gentleman was intimate with the first Marquis of Lansdowne, who on more than one occasion showed the greatest liberality to the Dissenting interest, and even received Dr. Priestley into his family. Young Hobhouse was taken by his father to Bowood, which led to his removal to Westminster School, where young Lord Henry Petty had been educated; and in due time he proceeded to Cambridge, where by his own account he did nothing beyond gaining what he terms an "obscure honour," the Hulsean Prize. We suspect

that he underrates his own classical proficiency; for he remained through life a ready and accomplished scholar, if not a profound one; and there are numerous traces, both in his travels and in his life, of an habitual familiarity with classical literature. Indeed the notes to the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*" are a lasting memorial of his fine taste, learning, and culture.

But the great event of his Cambridge life was the intimacy he formed there with Lord Byron. He was scarcely three-and-twenty when he started with the poet on that memorable tour across Portugal and Spain to Gibraltar, Albania, Greece, and Constantinople, which is immortalized in the first cantos of "*Childe Harold*," and was related by Hobhouse himself on his return by the publication of his travels. Throughout life, he was animated by an ardent curiosity to witness the most striking scenes and events of his time. He was an indefatigable traveller, at a time when travelling was neither easy nor safe. He scoured Germany in the rear of the French and German armies in 1813. He was in Vienna with Mr. Kinnaird when the Truce of Prague was terminated and Austria declared war on Napoleon. He visited Leipzig two months after the battle, when heaps of cannon and offal were smoking in every direction, and the suburbs of the city were dotted with shot-holes. He reached Frankfort in January 1814, where he met Mr. Disbrowe and Mr. Rolfe—afterwards Lord Cranworth. At Wilhelmshöhe he saw the scaffolding employed in taking down the inscription "*Napoleonshöhe*" and replacing the old name—little foreseeing that it would one day deserve, in another sense, the French appellation; and he reached Paris on the 19th April, about a fortnight after the occupation of the allied armies. The entry of Louis XVIII. into his capital on the 3rd May has often been described. On the following day the allied troops, chiefly Russians, defiled before the Sovereigns. All the military splendour of Europe was gathered in that spectacle. But one man was there, whom none of the illustrious personages present had probably ever seen, although his fame filled the

world, and he bore away no inconsiderable share of their own glory : —

"The curiosity of curiosities was our own Wellington, on a white horse, in a plain blue frock-coat, a white neckcloth, and a round hat. He was riding between General Stewart and Lord Castlereagh. As soon as his presence was known there was a great bustling and whispering. A friend of mine, who was in the window with the Sovereigns, told me that when it was first known he was there, the Emperors and Kings stretched forward to get a sight of him. I saw the Duchesse d'Angoulême point him out to them; and when Platow and Sacken were introduced to him, they would hardly let his hand go. I heard afterwards that Platow had said, 'Had you been here we should have done this sooner;' to which the Duke replied, 'The business could not have been in better hands.' I felt, for my own part, an insatiable desire to see him, and ran many chances of being kicked and trampled down to get near our big man. Two Englishmen near me showed as much eagerness as myself to approach him, and one of them as he passed by me said, 'Oh, for God's sake, let me see him! — I know you will excuse me, Sir, for this, but I must see him!' Two strangers in plain clothes were introduced to him, and almost kissed the ground at his horse's feet. A crowd gathered round him, and attended him to his lodgings. The Duke had just arrived in Paris, after travelling four days and nights, from Toulouse. I heard that he was much struck with the appearance of the Russian cavalry, and said to Sir Charles Stewart, 'Well, to be sure, we can't turn out anything like this.' Sir Charles told him, very truly, that they were men picked for the occasion.' (Vol. i. p. 43.)

The sympathies of Hobhouse, ever prone to the popular side, were rather with the conquered than the conqueror; and on the return of Napoleon from Elba he again rushed over to Paris, where he spent the Hundred Days, of which he published an account in 1816. He remained always faithful to the old Whig opinion that the return of the Bourbons was a public calamity not only to France, but to Europe; and he was disposed through life to place a favourable — we think far too favourable — construction on the policy and character of Napoleon, the most pernicious enemy of freedom and of the true greatness of France.

Mr. Hobhouse passed the autumn of 1816 with Lord Byron at the Villa Diodati

on the lake of Geneva — a visit of no common interest in the life of both of them, for it was just after the noble poet had quitted England for ever, in consequence of those painful domestic occurrences in which Hobhouse had played a most confidential, conciliatory, and honourable part; and it was then that the third canto of "*Childe Harold*" was written. Hobhouse accompanied Byron in many of the scenes and excursions commemorated in the immortal stanzas of that poem; he shared with him the animated society of Madame de Staël's château at Coppet; he entered Italy with his friend; and he subsequently contributed the valuable and interesting notes to the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*," which are no unworthy addition to the work, and will probably be the most enduring of Mr. Hobhouse's literary performances. Nor can it here be omitted, though he makes no mention of the fact in his Memoirs, that the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*" was dedicated to himself in language which confers by the hand of friendship an imperishable fame. Lord Byron described him as one "whom he had known long, accompanied far; whom he had found wakeful over his sickness and kind in his sorrow; glad in his prosperity and firm in his adversity; true in counsel, and trusty in peril; a friend often tried, and never found wanting; a man of learning, of talent, of shrewdness, and of honour."

To Italy Hobhouse more than once returned. He was versed in Italian literature, and well acquainted with the character of the Italian people. One of his latest publications, entitled "*Italy in 1816*," was given to the world after his retirement from office in 1860, and has been reviewed in these pages.

It may readily be believed that a young man of fashion and talent, who had seen so much of Europe and of the East before he was thirty, and was in some manner associated with the finest poem and the greatest events of the age — professing advanced liberal opinions and gifted with agreeable social qualities — soon became a welcome guest at Holland House and in the best society of London. In 1814 he was thrown into the full tide of the Lon-

don world, associated with most of the remarkable men of the day, and had no reason to complain of neglect from either of the dominant political parties. Amongst his recollections of this period those of Sheridan, then verging to his decline, are some of the most curious. For example:—

"Sheridan told us several stories of Kean, then at the height of his fame. Some one made Kean a present of a fine horse on which he was prancing along the Strand. 'Take care,' said a friend; 'you are a good actor, but —' 'But what?' asked Kean; 'you don't know that I was paid 30*l.* for breaking three horses last year at Brighton.' Another time a friend, hearing he was about to give readings of Milton between the acts, at Drury Lane, said, 'Kean, stick to Shakspeare; don't meddle with Milton.' 'Why not?' asked Kean; 'I gave readings from Milton three times a week at Exmouth.' As a proof of the universality of his genius, it was mentioned that he had been a fencing-master and a dancing-master, and at Jersey had announced that he should quit the stage and set up a school. He told Mr. Sheridan that when a child he had been applied to in order to bring him out as a rival to Master Betty; but that Sheridan had interposed, saying, 'No! one bubble at a time is enough; if you have two, they will knock against each other, and burst.'

"Amongst my reminiscences of the year 1814, I find it recorded that Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and myself, went to the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre on the 19th of May, 1814, and saw Kean in 'Othello.' After the play we went to the green-room, and Byron and I were introduced to the great actor.

"I became afterwards well acquainted with Kean, and heard something of his performances from his own mouth. On December 14, 1814, I dined at Mr. Kianaird's, in company with him and Lord Byron; and on that occasion he mentioned that at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, on one night, he acted Shylock, danced on the tight-rope, sang a song then in vogue called the 'Storm,' sparred with Mendoza, and then acted Three-fingered Jack. Kean also told us that one night he forgot his part, and repeated the 'Allegro' of Milton without being detected by the audience. He gave us admirable imitations of Incedon, of Kemble, of Sinclair, and Master Betty. He concluded the amusements of the evening by dressing up his hand with a napkin, and painting it with cork so as to look like a man, and dancing a hornpipe with two fingers, imitating at the same time a bassoon so wonderfully, that we looked round to see if there was no one playing that instrument in the room with us. I should not think these matters worthy of record, if Kean had not been by far the greatest actor I had ever seen." (Vol. i. p. 76.)

Here is a memorandum of a dinner at Holland House. Alas! how little can be

preserved of the spirit and gaiety of such meetings, even when noted by a contemporary pen:—

"I went in Byron's carriage at seven, and dined at Holland House. There I met Miss Fox, and Martin Archer Shee, the painter and poet. There, too, was Kean, a very handsome little man, with a mild but marked countenance, and eyes as brilliant as on the stage. He knitted his brows, I observed, when he could not exactly make out what was said. There, also, was Grattan. We sat down to dinner, when in came Major Stanhope and Lord Ebrington. Kean ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and was a little too frequent with ladyships and lordships, as was natural in him; but Shee was ten times worse. . . .

"Shee talked a great deal; I thought, too much. Lady H. asked Kean why all the actors said 'Give me *the* hand,' as if '*thy*' were '*the*.' Kean said that he never pronounced it so. Kean said that 'Iago was three lengths longer than Othello.' A length is forty-two lines. Lord Holland mentioned that he had seen a letter from a midshipman on board the 'Undaunted' frigate, in which Napoleon sailed to Elba. The boy said that 'Boney was so good-humoured, and laughed and talked, and was so agreeable, but that the world had been under a great mistake in thinking him a clever man: he was just like anybody else.'

"When the women went the conversation turned on public speaking. Grattan gave us a specimen of Lord Chatham's way, which, he said, was colloquial, and, when he saw him, leaning on his crutch, and sometimes dozing; but, when roused by opposition, overpoweringly eloquent.* He was, however, inferior to modern speakers. Pitt, his son, was a better rhetorician. Lord Holland told us that Fox once said to him that Sheridan's speech on the Begums was the finest ever heard in Parliament. Lord H. asked him if his own speech on the Peace was not as good. 'That was a damned good speech, too,' was the ingenious reply of this truly great man. Fox used to praise Pitt's speech on the Slave-trade as a fine specimen of eloquence.

"When we went to the ladies the conversation was addressed to Kean. Lady Holland asked him if he was not a capital 'Scarra.' Kean replied that he had not the slightest acquaintance with the part; indeed, he was no comedian, except, perhaps, that he could play Tyke in the 'School of Reform,' which was a sort of sentimental character. Lord Ebrington and Major Stanhope left us, and then Grattan began to give us, in his inimitably grotesque, forcible, and theatrical manner, the characters of some Irishmen who had figured at

* Grattan was a student of Middle Temple in 1770, and entered the Parliament of Ireland in 1776. Chatham died in 1778. Grattan may therefore have heard the celebrated speeches delivered during the American War.

the end of the last century. . . . He said that Lord Bellamont, in person, was like a black bull, always butting. He was cursed with a talent for imitation, and selected some one bad habit from each of his friends, so that he was a compound of vicious qualities, or, at least, disagreeable manners. One of these friends always stood with his toes in — Bellamont did the same; another wore black stockings and dirty brown breeches — Bellamont copied this also. He wore his wig half off his head, in imitation of some one else; and, in speaking, he took off the bad manner of some other acquaintance. He had a *watery elocution*, spoke through the nose, and had a face totally insensible to everything he was saying. Mr. Grattan added that he thought Bellamont's wig was dirtier than Curran's hair. He said a deal of a Dr. Lucas, and finished his sketch of him by saying, 'When he rose to speak in Parliament, he had not a friend in the House; when he sat down, he had spoken so ill that he had not an enemy.'

"During this exhibition Lord Holland and myself were in convulsions of laughter. Kean, notwithstanding every effort, roared outright. Lady Holland gave way, and Miss Fox was in ecstasy. He kept us in this way until half-past eleven, when he took me in his carriage to the Princess of Wales. He was muttering to himself, and slapping his thigh, during our ride, and twisting about into many odd shapes and forms — antics not worth recording, except when it is recollected who Mr. Grattan had been, and, indeed, was, at the time I was with him." (Vol. i. p. 91.)

These volumes do not contain many memorials of Hobhouse's intimate and affectionate friendship with Lord Byron. They are recorded in another place, which we do not propose to touch upon now. Suffice it here to say, that whatever may have been the recklessness and selfishness of Byron to others, he was always the warm and grateful friend of Hobhouse. The last time they met was at Pisa, in September 1822, when Byron took leave of him with the touching words, "Hobhouse, you should never have come, or you should never go." At the close of the Session of 1823 and early in 1824, Hobhouse became one of the most active members of the Greek Committee in London, when his gifted friend was preparing at Cephalonia and Missolonghi for a more active championship of the Greek cause. Whilst soldiers like Colonel Leicester Stanhope were intent on providing the Greeks with the newest constitutions out of Benthams, Lord Byron was all for fighting, and had actually resolved to attack the Castle of Lepanto as soon as he could collect a sufficient body of troops. How soon were these hopes doomed to be annihilated!

"At a little after eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, May 14, I was awakened by a loud rapping at my bedroom door, and, getting up, had a packet of letters put into my hand, signed 'Sidney Osborne,' and headed 'By express.' There was also a note from Douglas Kinnaird; and, on opening it, I found that BYRON WAS DEAD. The despatch was from Corfu. These letters were from Lord Sidney Osborne to me, from Count Gamba to me, from Count Gamba to Lord Sidney Osborne, and from the Count to the English Consul at Zante. Besides these, there were letters from Fletcher, Byron's valet, to Fletcher's wife, to Mrs. Leigh, and to Captain George Byron; also there were four copies of a Greek proclamation by the Greek Government at Missolonghi, with a translation annexed. The proclamation contained the details which have been often published — the ten days' illness of my dear friend, the public anxiety during those days of hope and fear — his death — the universal dejection and almost despair of the Greeks around him. The proclamation next decreed that the Easter festival should be suspended; that the shops should be closed for three days; that a general mourning for twenty days should be observed; and that at sunrise the next morning, the 20th of April, thirty-seven minute-guns should be fired from the batteries to indicate the age of the deceased.

"How much soever the Greeks of that day may have differed on other topics, there was no difference of opinion in regard to the loss they had sustained by the death of Byron. Those who have read Colonel Leicester Stanhope's interesting volume, 'Greece in 1823 and 1824,' and more particularly Colonel Stanhope's 'Sketch,' and Mr. Finlay's 'Reminiscences' of Byron — will have seen him just as he appeared to me during our long intimacy. I liked him a great deal too well to be an impartial judge of his character; but I can confidently appeal to the impressions he made upon the two above-mentioned witnesses of his conduct, under very trying circumstances, for a justification of my strong affection for him — an affection not weakened by the fifty years of a busy and chequered life that have passed over me since I saw him laid in his grave.

"The influence he had acquired in Greece was unbounded, and he had exerted it in a manner most useful to her cause. Lord Sidney Osborne, writing to Mrs. Leigh, said, that if Byron had never written a line in his life, he had done enough, during the last six months, in Greece, to immortalize his name. He added, that no one unacquainted with the circumstances of the case could have any idea of the difficulties he had overcome: he had reconciled the contending parties, and had given a character of humanity and civilization to the warfare in which they were engaged, besides contriving to prevent them from offending their powerful neighbours in the Ionian Islands. I heard that Sir F. Adam, in a despatch to Lord Bathurst, bore testimony to his great qualities, and lamented his death as depriving the Ionian Government of the only

man with whom they could act with safety. Mavroordato, in his letter to Dr. Bowring, called him 'a great man,' and confessed that he was almost ignorant how to act when deprived of such a coadjutor. . . .

"On Thursday, July 1, I heard that the 'Florida,' with the remains of Byron, had arrived in the Downs, and I went, the same evening, to Rochester. The next morning I went to Standgate Creek, and, taking a boat, went on board the vessel. There I found Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Dr. Bruno, Fletcher, Byron's valet, with three others of his servants. Three dogs that had belonged to my friend were playing about the deck. I could hardly bring myself to look at them. The vessel had got under weigh, and we beat up the river to Gravesend: I cannot describe what I felt during the five or six hours of our passage. I was the last person who shook hands with Byron when he left England in 1816. I recollected his waving his cap to me as the packet bounded off on a curling wave from the pier-head at Dover, and here I was now coming back to England with his corpse.

"Poor Fletcher burst into tears when he first saw me, and wept bitterly when he told me the particulars of my friend's last illness. These have been frequently made public, and need not be repeated here. I heard, however, on undoubted authority, that, until he became delirious, he was perfectly calm; and I called to mind how often I had heard him say, that he was not apprehensive as to death itself, but as to how, from physical infirmity, he might behave at that inevitable hour. On one occasion he said to me, "Let no one come near me when I am dying, if you can help it, and we happen to be together at the time."

"The 'Florida' anchored at Gravesend, and I returned to London; Colonel Stanhope accompanied me. This was on Friday, July 2. On the following Monday I went to Doctors' Commons and proved Byron's will. Mr. Hanson did so likewise. Thence I went to London Bridge, got into a boat, and went to London Docks Buoy, where the 'Florida' was anchored. I found Mr. Woodeson, the undertaker, on board, employed in emptying the spirit from the large barrel containing the box that held the corpse. This box was removed and placed on deck by the side of a leaden coffin. I stayed whilst the iron hoops were knocked off the box, but I could not bear to see the remainder of the operation, and went into the cabin. Whilst there I looked over the sealed packet of papers belonging to Byron, which he had deposited at Cefalonia, and which had not been opened since he left them there. Captain Hodgson of the 'Florida,' the captain's father, and Fletcher were with me: we examined every paper, and did not find any will.* Those present signed a document to that effect.

* This is at variance with the preceding statement that Hobhouse had just proved Byron's will. It probably means that there was no other testamentary instrument.

"After the removal of the corpse into the coffin, and the arrival of the order from the Custom-house, I accompanied the undertaker in the barge with the coffin. There were many boats round the ship at the time, and the shore was crowded with spectators. We passed quietly up the river, and landed at Palace Yard stairs. Thence the coffin and the small chest containing the heart were carried to the house in George Street, and deposited in the room prepared for their reception. The room was decently hung with black, but there was no other decoration than an escutcheon of the Byron arms, roughly daubed on a deal board.

"On reaching my rooms in the Albany, I found a note from Mr. Murray, telling me that he had received a letter from Dr. Ireland, politely declining to allow the burial of Byron in Westminster Abbey; but it was not until the next day that, to my great surprise, I learnt, on reading the doctor's note, that Mr. Murray had made the request to the Dean in my name; I thought that it had been settled that Mr. Gifford should sound the Dean of Westminster previously to any formal request being made. I wrote to Mr. Murray, asking him to inform the Dean that I had not made the request. Whether he did so, I never inquired.

"I ascertained from Mrs. Leigh that it was wished the interment should take place at the family vault at Hucknall in Nottinghamshire. The utmost eagerness was shown, both publicly and privately, to get a sight of anything connected with Byron. Lafayette was at that time on his way to America, and a young Frenchman came over from the General at Havre, and wrote me a note requesting a sight of the deceased poet. The coffin had been closed, and his wishes could not be complied with. A young man came on board the 'Florida,' and in very moving terms besought me to allow him to take one look at him. I was sorry to be obliged to refuse, as I did not know the young man, and there were many round the vessel who would have made the same request. He was bitterly disappointed; and when I gave him a piece of the cotton in which the corpse had been wrapped, he took it with much devotion, and placed it in his pocketbook. Mr. Phillips, the Academician, applied for permission to take a likeness, but I heard from Mrs. Leigh that the features of her brother had been so disfigured by the means used to preserve his remains, that she scarcely recognized them. This was the fact; for I had summoned courage enough to look at my dead friend; so completely was he altered, that the sight did not affect me so much as looking at his handwriting, or anything that I knew had belonged to him." (Vol. i. pp. 140-143.)

The funeral started from Nottingham on the 16th July. Hodgson the translator of Juvenal, and Colonel Wildman of Newcastle, attended as mourners.

"The Mayor and Corporation of Notting-

ham joined the funeral procession. It extended about a quarter of a mile, and, moving very slowly, was five hours on the road to Hucknall. The view of it as it wound through the villages of Papplewick and Lindly excited sensations in me which will never be forgotten. As we passed under the hill of Annesley, 'crowned with the peculiar diadem of trees' immortalized by Byron, I called to mind a thousand particulars of my first visit to Newstead. It was dining at Annesley Park that I saw the first interview of Byron, after a long interval, with his early love, Mary Anne Chaworth.

"The churchyard and the little church of Hucknall were so crowded that it was with difficulty we could follow the coffin up the aisle. The contrast between the gorgeous decorations of the coffin and the urn, and the humble village-church, was very striking. I was told afterwards that the place was crowded until a late hour in the evening, and that the vault was not closed until the next morning.

"I returned to Bunny Park. The corporation of Nottingham offered me the freedom of the town, but I had no inclination for the ceremonies with which the acceptance of the honour would have been accompanied; I therefore declined it.

"I should have mentioned that I thought Lady Byron ought to be consulted respecting the funeral of her husband; and I advised Mrs. Leigh to write to her, and ask what her wishes might be. Her answer was, if the deceased had left no directions she thought the matter might be left to the judgment of Mr. Hobhouse. There was a postscript, saying, 'If you like you may show this.'

"I was present at the marriage of this lady with my friend, and handed her into the carriage which took the bride and bridegroom away. Shaking hands with Lady Byron, I wished her all happiness. Her answer was, 'If I am not happy it will be my own fault.'" (Vol. i. p. 145.)

We have not thought ourselves called upon in this Journal to take any part in the controversy which recently occupied several of our contemporaries as to the alleged causes of Lady Byron's alienation from her husband. The curiosity and credulity which prey upon the remains of genius and explore the recesses of forgotten slanders are not to our taste. When Hobhouse read the horrible libels published after Lord Byron's death, by a ruffian who had extorted money from him, his first impulse was to take this thankless villain in hand himself. But he adds: "I did not do this. I remembered what was said to the assassin who tried to murder Harley, and who asked the Duke of Ormond to kill him at once: 'Ce n'est pas l'affaire des honnetes gens; c'est l'affaire

d'un autre.' We shall therefore content ourselves with transcribing the following paragraph, which is decisive as to Mr. Hobhouse's opinion on the subject:—

"At this time (April and May, 1830) I had much of my time taken up by looking after Lord Byron's affairs, and taking advice as to the expediency of giving some public refutation to a charge made, as was stated, by Lady Byron, in regard to the separation between Byron and his wife. The attack on Lord Byron, on the authority of Lady Byron, was countenanced by Tom Campbell, who was a first-rate poet, no doubt, but a very bad pleader, even in a good cause, and made therefore a most pitiable figure when he had no case at all. I consulted friends, and amongst them Lord Holland, who strongly recommended silence; and did not scruple to say that the lady would be more annoyed if she were left unnoticed, than if, whether wrong or right, she had to figure in a controversy. I was far from wishing to annoy her at all; my sole wish was to do my duty by my friend; and I hope I have done that sufficiently by leaving behind me, to be used if necessary, a full and scrupulously accurate account of the transaction in question. I shall content myself here with asserting that it was not fear, on the part of Lord Byron, that persuaded him to separate from his wife. On the contrary, he was quite ready to 'go into court,' as they call it." (Vol. i. p. 441.)

The death of Byron placed the Greek Committee in considerable embarrassment, and at one moment Hobhouse himself was on the point of starting for Greece to manage the loan. Difficulties were, however, raised by Mr. Joseph Hume, and this plan was abandoned. The following picture of that individual, who was so much better known to the last generation than he is to the present, is not a flattering one; but it would be hard for anyone who knew him well to dispute the truth of it:—

"Joseph Hume had many valuable qualities, mixed up with some eccentricities which bordered upon moral perversity. As a political associate he was unsafe, and, although his assaults were vigorous and successful enough, it was better to have to deal with him as an enemy than a friend. As he cared little for invectives against himself, he was not aware of the effects which his own intemperate talk might produce on others. Not only was his language coarse and absurdly inaccurate, but his intellect was obtuse to a degree seldom, if ever, found in a man who had been busily employed his whole life in affairs of the utmost importance. He was of great service, previously to passing the Reform Bill, in sifting and exposing occasionally the estimates; and being a man of indefatigable industry, collected a vast

mass of materials which he could sometimes skilfully employ. He, like Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Inglis, and one or two others, was essentially a part of the House of Commons for many years; and I recollect a saying of Sir Robert Peel, that he could not conceive a House of Commons without a Joseph Hume." (Vol. i. p. 150.)

Eventually Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer went out in the "Florida," in place of Hobhouse, and subsequently published an account of his mission of 1824. It is remarkable that we should now, at an interval of forty-seven years, have the pleasure to welcome another literary production of that accomplished diplomatist.

The Byron episode has led us to anticipate in some measure the earlier years of Hobhouse's political life, and to these we must now return. The city of Westminster may justly be regarded as the cradle of Parliamentary Reform. When Whigs stood aloof, and Brookes' frowned, and the most liberal Ministers of the day were on the side of the old Borough system, a committee of Westminster tradesmen, led by Mr. Brooke, the glass manufacturer in the Strand, Mr. Adams, the coach-builder in Long Acre, and Mr. Place, the tailor, and friend of Bentham, at Charing Cross, had begun to fight with success the battle of Reform. They had brought Sir Francis Burdett into Parliament in 1807, and on the death of Sir Samuel Romilly in 1818 they offered the vacant seat to Mr. Hobhouse. He failed, however, on that occasion. "Citizen Place," who was proud of his pen, wrote a bitter appeal which irritated and divided the party, and Mr. George Lamb, a brother of Lord Melbourne's, carried the day. This election, however, brought Hobhouse into notice. He became a member of a political dinner club called "The Rota," to which Bickersteth, Burdett, Douglas, Kinnaird, Sir Robert Wilson, &c., belonged. The object of this society was to discuss and promote the work of Parliamentary, or as it was first called, "Radical" Reform, and that adjective has given its name to a party throughout the world. A pamphlet was concocted at one of these meetings in answer to an intemperate anti-reform speech of Mr. Canning's. Canning attributed it to Sir Philip Francis, and was very angry; but it was in fact written by Hobhouse. Another pamphlet also written by him in answer to one by Lord Erskine, gave rise to more serious consequences. A member of the House of Commons drew attention to a passage which he erroneously conceived to convey a threat of

personal violence against the House.* Party ran very high. The Westminster reformers were regarded as incarnate demons of revolution; and as the publisher of the pamphlet was authorized to give up the name of the author at the Bar of the House, the House at once voted it to be a contempt and a breach of privilege, and sent Mr. Hobhouse to Newgate. Sixty-five members, who were chiefly Whigs, voted against this arbitrary sentence. The motion was made by Mr. Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon, who many years afterwards in proposing the health of Lord Broughton at his daughter's marriage, took occasion to refer to what he was then pleased to call his distinguished career. Distinguished or not, it began in Newgate, when it was an honour to be sent there; and there he remained till the death of George III. caused a dissolution of Parliament, opened his prison doors, and secured his speedy return for Westminster as the popular and persecuted candidate at the ensuing general election. He retained that highly honourable position of member for Westminster for nearly thirteen years. During the greater part of that time his colleague was Sir Francis Burdett, and there are living, we trust, many of our friends who can remember what the good old cry of "Burdett and Hobhouse for Westminster" meant.

"During the early part of my parliamentary life my principal associate — indeed, my constant guide — was my friend and colleague. Sir Francis Burdett was endowed with qualities rarely united. A manly understanding and a tender heart gave a charm to his society such as I have never derived in any other instance from a man whose principal pursuit was politics. He was the delight both of old and young. There was no base alloy in his noble nature. His address was most pleasing and unaffected, his manners most gentle; and yet where energy and decision were required he assumed a quiet but determined superiority which few were willing or able to contest.

"As a parliamentary orator he was, to my mind, without an equal. A lofty stature, a mellifluous voice, a command of language easy and natural, but at the same time most impressive; sincere, and spoken from the heart as well as the head. He never used a note or consulted a paper of any kind. He never hesitated

* The sentence which called down on Hobhouse the indignation of the House and was voted a breach of privilege was as follows: — "What prevents the people from marching to the House, pulling the Members out by the ears, locking the door, and flinging the key into the Thames?" This interrogation was construed into an incitement to revolt. The answer to the question was given in the next line — "Knightsbridge barracks."

for a word, but he was never diffused. I accidentally heard the opinions of two of his parliamentary contemporaries in regard to his oratory, — Mr. Canning and Mr. Tierney; each of them, on different occasions, placed Sir Francis Burdett very nearly, if not quite, at the head of the orators of their day." (Vol. i. p. 112.)

We must pass lightly, for the way before us is long and interesting, over the first ten years of Hobhouse's public life, though they were marked by several important events, the Canning Ministry, Catholic Emancipation, and the steady progress of the Reform party in the House of Commons, where our autobiographer played no inconsiderable part. He took an active share in debate. His speeches laid no claim to high-flown eloquence, but they were full of good sense, and they were expressed with a sharpness of wit that made him a formidable antagonist. He was not afraid to cross swords with Canning in a passage of studied sarcasm and invective, to which Canning made no reply; and some of his *bon mots* were long remembered. It was on one of these occasions that Hobhouse first applied the expression "His Majesty's Opposition" to the anti-ministerial side of the House. Canning took up the expression as a happy one; and Tierney expanded it by saying, "No better phrase could be adopted, for we are certainly a branch of His Majesty's Government. Although the gentlemen opposite are in office, we are in power. The measures are ours, but all the emoluments are theirs!" But the joke originated with Mr. Hobhouse.

It was in one of these debates of the pre-Reform period that Canning in the course of an elaborate defence of the borough system urged that it formed an essential element of the British Constitution, since it had

"Grown with our growth, and strengthened
with our strength."

Sir Francis Burdett took up the quotation in reply, and said, "The Right Honourable Gentleman doubtless remembers the first line of the distich he has cited, and that it is

"The young disease, which must subdue at length,

Grows with our growth and strengthens
with our strength."

Canning acknowledged that the retort was a happy and a just one.

The year 1830 was destined to witness changes of a momentous character. Wil-

liam IV. ascended the throne of England; Charles X. was driven by a revolution from that of France; the Belgian revolution followed; England was agitated to an unprecedented degree; and before the end of the year the Duke of Wellington's Ministry collapsed and the Reform Ministry of Lord Grey was in office.

It was at this time (4th November) that M. Vandeweyer, one of the Belgian Provisional Government, first arrived in London. He knew no one, but he had letters of introduction from Mr. Bulwer, and he called on Hobhouse. "He appeared to me," says our author, "a very straightforward intelligent young man," and this circumstance led Hobhouse to take a warm interest in Belgian independence. The following account of an interview between the young emissary and the old Duke is curious:—

"Mr. Vandeweyer told me that the Duke of Wellington had written to him a very polite note in the morning, asking to see him. He went, and was much surprised, so he told me, to see an infirm old man in an arm-chair, from which he raised himself with difficulty to receive him. He gave me an account of what passed between them. 'Although,' said he, 'I am no diplomatist, I knew there was an advantage in not speaking first; and, as the Duke had invited me, and I had not invited myself, I remained silent. So did the Duke for a short time, and then began to talk. He showed that he knew what had passed between Lord Aberdeen and me, and between the Prince of Orange and me. He was extremely civil, and said, "Je vous donne ma parole d'honneur qu'il n'y a pas la moindre intention de notre part de nous mêler dans vos affaires." He added that the Conference of which I had complained had quite another object; and then the Duke said that "he hoped the Belgians, in choosing a form of Government, would take care not to give cause for disquiet to neighbouring nations." I answered that we "should take care of that, provided there was no intervention; but that, if there was, we should infallibly throw ourselves into the arms of France." "That," replied the Duke, "would infallibly lead to a general war; besides which, the French would act in concert with us, and would not accept you." I said, "We are aware that, at first, the French Government would not accept us; but we should appeal to the French People, and, in a short time, the Government would accept us. As for the war, the people would fight their own battles, and have nothing to fear." . . .

"I asked Vandeweyer whether, under all the circumstances, he would wish me to bring on my Belgian motion. He answered 'Yes' and he then told me that he had been chosen Member for Brussels. I shook hands with him, and begged him to take care of himself. He ap-

peared to me to be a most amiable, most honourable, and most intelligent man; and five-and-thirty years of intercourse with him have not altered the opinion that I then formed of him." (Vol. ii. pp. 50-52.)

We have never heard any explanation of the fact that on the formation of Lord Grey's Government to carry the Reform Bill, Sir Francis Burdett and Hobhouse, who were certainly two of the oldest and staunchest Reformers in Parliament, were not invited to join it. "It was soon known," says Hobhouse after the Duke's resignation, "that the King had sent for Lord Grey, whom Sir Francis Burdett had seen."

"Lord Durham (Privy Seal that is to be) told me that all was going well and nearly settled. Going home soon afterwards, I received a note from him, saying that Lord Grey would like to see me the next day. Accordingly I went to his house, and waited there some time, but came away without seeing him. I was, for once, wise enough to say nothing about this, neither at the time, nor ever afterwards; although many explanations were offered to me subsequently by those who, whatever they were before, became my intimate official friends." (Vol. ii. p. 57.)

This is a curious passage; for it shows that Burdett and Hobhouse were thought of (as was natural) but not employed. But they gave a firm and unwavering support to the Government, and they used their influence in the most serviceable manner by moderating the violence of their own followers.* Then came the Bill.

"At last came the great day—Tuesday, March 1. I went to the House at twelve o'clock, and found all the benches, high and low, on all sides, packed with names. With much difficulty I got a vacant space on the fourth bench, nearly behind the Speaker, almost amongst the Opposition and the Anti-Reformers.

"Lord John Russell began his speech at six o'clock. Never shall I forget the astonishment of my neighbours as he developed his plan. Indeed, all the house seemed perfectly astounded; and when he read the long list of the boroughs to be either wholly or partially disfranchised, there was a sort of wild ironical laughter, mixed with expressions of delight from the ex-Ministers, who seemed to think themselves sure of recovering their places again immediately. Our own friends were not so well pleased. Baring Wall, turning to me, said, 'They are mad; they are mad!' and others made use of similar

exclamations,—all but Sir Robert Peel; he looked serious and angry, as if he had discovered that the Ministers, by the boldness of their measure, had secured the support of the country. Lord John seemed rather to play with the fears of his audience; and, after detailing some clauses which seemed to complete the scheme, smiled and paused, and said, 'More yet.' This 'more,' so well as I recollect, was Schedule B, which took away one member from some boroughs that returned two previously. When Lord John sat down, we, of the Mountain, cheered long and loud; although there was hardly one of us that believed such a scheme could, by any possibility, become the law of the land. . . .

"We all huddled away, not knowing what to think—the Anti-Reformers chuckling with delight at what they supposed was a suicidal project, and the friends of Ministers in a sort of wonderment. I recollect that a very good man, Mr. John Smith, a brother of Lord Carrington's, caused much amusement by saying that Russell's speech made his hair stand on end.

"Lord Howick and others asked me if I was satisfied. I told them I did not know what to say to the 102. qualification for householders in towns. Sir Robert Peel, with his usual quickness and sagacity, took care, at the end of the debate, to ask for an explanation of this part of the scheme, which, certainly, partook more of disfranchisement than any other reform, and was calculated to make the whole plan unpopular.

"Burdett and I walked home together, and both agreed that there was very little chance of the measure being carried. We thought our Westminster friends would oppose the 102. qualification clause; but we were wrong; for, calling the next day on Mr. Place, we found him delighted with the Bill, and were told that all our supporters were equally pleased with it. We were told that a Westminster public meeting was to be called immediately, to thank and congratulate the King." (Vol. ii. pp. 77-79.)

We shall not attempt to follow our author through his animated descriptions of the debates on the first Reform Bill. Nothing retains less of its original life than a Parliamentary discussion in the pages of history. The scene itself is all action—the tone of the speakers, the emotion of the audience, and the uncertainty of the result, raise the feelings of those who are present to the highest pitch of excitement; but the fire is soon burnt out, and but little remains of the most splendid displays of oratory and passion. The great trial of strength came at last on General Gascoyne's motion that the number of knights, citizens, and burgesses for England and Wales ought not to be diminished. The end seemed at hand, for on the 20th of April the Govern-

* A peerage was subsequently offered by Lord Grey to Sir F. Burdett. He was gratified by the offer, but declined to leave the House of Commons.

ment were beaten by eight votes. Two days afterwards Hobhouse learned that the King was resolved to come down in person to thank Parliament for granting the Civil List and to dissolve it. Sir Richard Vivyan was in the act of delivering a furious and factious speech against Ministers. He was called to order by Burdett and Tennyson, but in vain.

"Vivyan again spoke; the cannons announced the approach of the King; and at each discharge of the guns the Ministerialists cheered loudly, as if in derision of the orator's solemn sentences. At last the roaring of the cannon, the laughter, and our cheering fairly beat the Baronet, and he suddenly sat down.

"Peel, quite beside himself, now jumped up; so did Burdett. The Speaker, not quite fairly, called on Peel, and Lord Althorp rose. The calls for Peel, Burdett, Althorp, and Chair, now were heard in wild confusion. The floor was covered with members; half the House left their seats, and the Opposition seemed perfectly frantic; William Bankes looked as if his face would burst with blood; Peel stormed; the Speaker was equally furious; Lord Althorp stood silent and quite unmoved. At last the Speaker recovered himself, and said, 'I am quite sure I understand what the noble Lord moves—he moves that Sir Robert Peel be heard.' Althorp assented, and after some more shouting and screaming, Sir Robert Peel was heard. The Black Rod cut short his oration just as he seemed about to fall into a fit. Then the Speaker, with a face equally red and quivering with rage, rose, and, followed by many members went to the Lords. But Peel was not the only over-excited performer on that day; for Sir Henry Hardinge crossed the House, and said, 'The next time you hear those guns they will be shot, and take off some of your heads. I do not mean yours,' said he to me, 'for you have been always consistent; but those gentlemen,' pointing to the Ministers. The Speaker returned and read the Royal Speech at the table—it was an admirable speech indeed.

"Lord Althorp, Sir James Graham, and myself, walked away together, and stopped to see the King pass the door of the hat-room. He was much cheered; but the crowd was not great. Lord Althorp said to me, 'Well, I think I beat Peel in temper;' as, indeed, he had most completely.

"We were joined in Palace-yard by Lord Goderich, who told us that the scene in the House of Lords had been more disgraceful than that in the Commons. Lord Londonderry had shaken his fist at the Duke of Richmond; and the Lord Chancellor had been hooted by the Opposition Peers when he left the woolsack, and Lord Shaftesbury had been voted into his seat. Lord Tankerville told me that the angry Lords would, without the least scruple, have voted off the Ministers' heads that day. All this fury and despair were not surprising when we re-

member that the party who had been in possession of power so long now saw that their hold on that power, through the borough system, was about to leave them—never to return. The firmness of the King had dispelled the last illusion of the Anti-Reformers, who, to do them justice, did not give way until all resistance was hopeless." (Vol. ii. pp. 103-105.)

On the 11th of August, 1831, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse died and his son succeeded to the baronetcy. A short time afterwards, in February 1832, Lord Althorp was authorized by the Cabinet to propose to Sir John Hobhouse to take office as Secretary of War. The office was not particularly agreeable to him, especially as he stood committed to strong opinions against flogging in the army. But a sense of duty to his friends and to the party prevailed, and he accepted the appointment to their great satisfaction. The King gave him a most gracious reception when he kissed hands and said, "I trust your manners will be as pleasing in intercourse on public matters, as your father was in private life." He was then sworn of the Privy Council with the usual formalities. It is important to remark that this proposal of office by Lord Althorp was accompanied by a positive assurance that *Ministers would carry the Reform Bill*, though their own tenure of office was not likely to be permanent. The position of Lord Grey and his colleagues was peculiar and even unprecedented. They had not the ordinary resource of withdrawing from office. They stood pledged to the country to carry the measure, which implied that they were bound to employ the means necessary to carry it. But on the nature and extent of those means they were not at all agreed among themselves, as Hobhouse soon found out. Although he was not in the Cabinet, the assurance given him by Lord Althorp gave him a right to insist on the adoption of decisive measures, and throughout this critical period he advocated with great energy the creation of Peers as indispensable to ensure the result. The following important conversation explains his position:—

"The House of Commons met at twelve the next day (11th February). Going down to Westminster, I met Lord Howick, who said he wanted to speak with me; and, accordingly, we walked together for some time. He told me that he had had a conversation with his father the night before, and that Lord Grey still hesitated about creating Peers previously to the second reading. Lord Howick said that his father was not aware of the consequences of rejecting the Bill; and that, in fact, he was not aware

even of the paramount importance of the measure itself, and confessed that, had he known what would ensue, would never have embarked in it. Lord Grey added, that, up to a certain time, he and all the Cabinet were resolved upon the creation of Peers; but that Brougham fell ill, and then took fright, which was communicated to Lord Grey. Now Lord Brougham had recovered from his panic, and Lord Grey had his doubts. He was most decidedly adverse to swamping the peerage, and desired to retire from office. He did not seem aware that he could not do that without losing his character, and risking the ruin of the country. Lord Howick concluded by begging me to call on his father, and state my opinion. I said, 'I would do so;' and added that, 'if the Bill was allowed to be lost, I should consider that the Cabinet had broken its pledge with me, made through Lord Althorp, and that I should be wantonly sacrificed.' Lord Howick assented to this view, and repeated his entreaties that I would see Lord Grey at once—not a moment was to be lost. Some of the young men who were to be called to the Upper House had begun to cool; others might refuse and it would take some time to make out a fresh list. I replied that I should prefer a meeting of Members of Parliament to advise Lord Grey. Lord Howick remarked that his father would not like that; he would call it dictation, and would prefer friendly advice given privately. I confess I was mightily surprised, and not a little alarmed, that a man with so much power, so much honesty, and so much intellect, should be so indifferent to his own glory and to the best interests of the country. I went to Sir Francis Runclett, and had a long conversation with him. He felt as I did; and wrote to Lord Grey. He told me that I ought to save myself, and resign office the moment I discovered that it was intended to risk the loss of the Bill, by not doing that which the Administration had the power of doing. Sir Francis added 'that taking this course might, perhaps, destroy the Government; but the fault would not be mine. To sacrifice me would not save them, nor ought they to be saved.'

"This day I dined at the Speaker's—a my first Ministerial dinner. I sat between Charles Grant and Poulett Thompson, and had some serious talk with them both, and told them what I had resolved to do. Taking Grant afterwards to the Duke of Sussex's conversation (of F. R. S.) at Kensington, I told him I should go to Lord Grey before the Council the next day, and would resign office if I was not assured that the Bill was to be carried. He said I was quite right. I spoke to him, as one of the Cabinet, with the utmost freedom and unreserve, for I felt that it was absolutely necessary to take some decisive step. I thought the creation of Peers, were it ever so objectionable, was nothing in comparison with the consequences of rejecting the Bill, and bringing back the old set and the old system.

"The next day I called on Lord Durham. He told me that on the previous Thursday he had, through Lady Durham and Lady Grey, conveyed to Lord Grey his intention of resigning, unless the Bill was made quite safe in the House of Lords. He assured me that, when he persuaded me to accept office, everything was decided upon. As many Peers as were thought requisite were to be made, either at once, or by degrees; and on this the whole Cabinet seemed determined, but Brougham's illness made him flinch, and his flinching raised doubts in Lord Grey; and both together revived the hesitation in that portion of the Cabinet that had originally objected to the creation of Peers. It seemed that the Duke of Richmond, although as strong for Reform as any member of the Cabinet, was still very averse to the creation of Peers. Lord Melbourne also was against, also Lord Palmerston; and, strongest of all, John Russell—a discovery which, Lord Durham said, he had made only a day or two ago. The others were for the creation, Lord Holland strongly. Stanley (so long as Lord Grey approved) also for it. Lord Goderich very manfully; also Graham, and Grant, and Durham. These, with the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister, were, of course, a majority. However, when the Lord Chancellor seemed to waver, matters took another turn; but when he became right again, their prospects improved." (Vol. ii. pp. 179-182.)

Lord Durham, whose confidence in his father-in-law was limited, and who was irritated because he did not get as much credit for his own share in the Bill as he thought he deserved, confirmed these particulars, and added that the Cabinet was not kept together without the greatest difficulty. Lord Althorp allayed Hobhouse's apprehensions by assuring him that "Brougham and I will go out also, unless we have a moral certainty of carrying the measure;" and he seemed pleased with this chance of quitting office. But to this Hobhouse replied that "if it was generally suspected he might have carried the measure, and would not do it, he would be stoned in the streets; and if the other party came in there was no small chance of his coming to the scaffold." Althorp calmly rejoined, "I think so, too; I have long thought so." Upon another occasion Lord Althorp concluded a similar conversation by saying:—

"That he would carry the Bill, but he would not promise to remain in power afterwards. He talked very confidentially of his own repugnance to office, and declared that 'it destroyed all his happiness;' adding that 'he had removed his pistols from his bedroom, fearing that he might shoot himself.' Such are the secrets of the human breast! Who could have

imagined that this could ever have entered into the head of the cool, the imperturbable, the virtuous Althorp? It served, however, to increase my alarm as to the great question itself, and I urged, in every way, the necessity of adding to the peerage. He assured me that 'this would be done, if it were indispensable. If I doubted him, I had better see Lord Grey, and learn the fact from him. He would give me his word that all I wanted would be done. The Bill would pass.' I took my leave of this excellent man with greater admiration of him than ever." (Vol. ii. p. 187.)

Yet one more of these most remarkable interviews:—

"Althorp said, 'I must decide what I will do—resign, because my colleagues will not make Peers; or stand the risk with them. If the latter, and we are beaten, I can never show my face again. If the former, I know the Government is dissolved, and the Bill is lost, and perhaps a revolution ensues. I tell you' (added the excellent man, with much feeling and earnestness) 'I have long felt that uncontrollable circumstances were advancing me to a position to which my capacity is unequal; and I now feel that I have not the mind which is required for a man in my station. I do not allude to my conduct in Parliament. There, I think, I have succeeded in a line altogether new and untried before. I allude to my management out of the House, and more especially in consulting with my colleagues. Then I find I have not character enough for the great emergency out of which we are to extricate ourselves.' . . .

"I told him that, if he threatened to resign unless Peers were made before the second reading, the Cabinet would yield. 'I do not know that,' said he; 'they would rather go out with me; and then comes a revolution;' and he then added gravely, 'I do not know whether I ought not to make matters easier by shooting myself.' 'For God's sake!' said I, 'shoot anybody else you like.'" (Vol. ii. pp. 198, 199.)

Even at this distance of time, and after the publication of Lord Grey's correspondence with William IV., we doubt whether it is known how critical the state of affairs was at that moment and how intense the differences in the Cabinet had become. Let us vary the narrative by a more pleasing picture:—

"On the following Monday (26th March) I dined at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. The party was numerous: Lord Durham, Lord and Lady Surrey, the Duke of Somerset and Lady C. St. Maur, Lord Radnor, Sir John Sebright, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, and Sir John Conroy. The Princess Victoria sat on her mother's right hand. Sir John Conroy, the Controller of H.R.H.'s household, sat at the bottom of the table. Lord Durham handed the Duchess in to dinner.

"The young Princess (her present Majesty) was treated in every respect like a grown-up woman, although apparently quite a child. Her manners were very pleasing and natural, and she seemed much amused by some conversation with Lord Durham, a manifest favourite at Kensington.

"When she left the company she curtsied round very prettily to all the guests, and then ran out of the room. What will become of this young, pretty, unaffected child in a few, few, years? . . .

"An interval of thirty-three years, a reign of twenty-eight years—some of them in very difficult, if not dangerous times—and the greatest of all calamities that can befall a woman and a queen, have not deprived her of the smile, the kind and gracious smile, which charmed me in those long bygone days, and with which she received an old servant and subject only two days ago [15th May, 1865]." (Vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.)

In spite of Hobhouse's distrust of the amicable intervention of Lord Wharnccliffe and Lord Harrowby, they did succeed in carrying the second reading of the Bill. But this success was of short duration. Lord Melbourne wisely said, "it was not all over yet;" and on the first division in Committee the Government were beaten. Ministers resigned. Sir John had his audience to take leave of the King, who told him that "he knew he had too much property to lose to wish for, or assist in, a convulsion;" to which the Baronet replied, that "His Majesty had not a more loyal subject than himself."

The Duke of Wellington's attempt to form a Ministry broke down at once, as everyone knows, but the first great obstacle to it was Peel's refusal to join it. The Duke of Wellington had told Alexander Baring, who was to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer, that "he should think himself unfit to crawl on earth if he did not stand by the King, even at the expense of his own consistency; and that he had resolved to carry the Reform Bill, as an inevitable measure, in all its main provisions—indeed, a Bill, probably, more extensive than that which Lord Grey would now grant." The King was resolved to pass the Reform Bill and made that a condition of giving office to the Duke; what he objected to was the making of Peers. Such a scheme deserved to fail and it did fail; but it cleared the way for the adoption of the Bill, and the Peers were not created.

Sir John Hobhouse was not a mere *hustings* Reformer, nor did he confine himself to supporting the legislative measures brought forward by the Government. On

the contrary, he applied himself with great energy to the more obscure and difficult task of reform in his own office, the War Department. He succeeded in obtaining the assent of the King and the Cabinet to a Pension Warrant which reduced the charges on what was termed the "dead list." He abolished sinecures and induced the King to surrender the Governorships of Berwick and Kinsale, to which His Majesty wanted to appoint two of his own sons. He restricted flogging in the army to certain misdemeanours, and proposed to take away the power of flogging from regimental courts-martial. And he had prepared a scheme for the reduction of the land forces by about 5,000 men. In all these reforms he had to encounter the steady resistance of Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset at the Horseguards and an opposition scarcely less steady from the Prime Minister. Lord Grey used language that convinced Hobhouse that he "had another Lord Hill to deal with;" and the proposed reduction of the army ended in an augmentation, which was required by the state of Ireland and by the necessity of providing for the tranquillity of the West Indies during the critical period of Slave Emancipation.

These discussions rendered the position of Sir John Hobhouse exceedingly disagreeable to him. He frequently desired to resign, but was dissuaded by Lord Althorp, who threatened to go out with him. Mr. Stanley, who had recently brought in two great measures for the reform of the Irish Church and for a Coercion Bill in Ireland, was equally dissatisfied with his position as Irish Secretary; and it was eventually arranged that Hobhouse should succeed him in that office. On the 28th of March, 1833, he kissed hands on this new appointment. But he was not destined to hold it long. Within a month, the Radical party brought forward a proposal for the abolition of the House and Window Taxes, a measure which was highly popular with the Westminster electors and to which Hobhouse himself stood committed. He declared to his colleagues that he could not vote with them in opposing the Resolution, and conscious of the awkwardness of his new position, he resolved to resign both his office and his seat. This honest and energetic step was warmly combated by his friends both in and out of office; but he was convinced in his own mind that he was right. He acted on his convictions; he was abused by both parties for doing so; he quitted his office; and the electors of Westminster repaid his

manliness and consistency by electing his old opponent Colonel Evans to the seat he had vacated.

Sir John Hobhouse did not return to office under Lord Grey, but in that interval a transaction occurred to which we desire to advert more particularly because it has been very commonly misrepresented, to the prejudice of a very able and excellent man, the late Lord Hatherton (then Mr. Littleton), who succeeded Hobhouse as Irish Secretary; and because it was the immediate cause of the dissolution of the Ministry. The renewal of Lord Grey's Irish Coercion Bill in the following year, 1834, was debated with extreme warmth. The powers vested in the Lord-lieutenant by the original Act were extraordinary. Lord Wellesley said of them, that they were "far more formidable to himself, than to the Irish people," for he had to decide on the propriety of exercising them; in point of fact, he had not exercised them at all. In the course of the debate on the 3rd of July, 1834, as is stated by Lord Broughton, O'Connell and Mr. Littleton contradicted each other flatly, and the Irish Secretary was accused of great imprudence; or something more, in having made a communication to O'Connell which he was not justified in making. A similar statement is made by Lord Palmerston in a letter to his brother William, published by Sir Henry Bulwer. It is desirable that the truth should be accurately known on this subject, and as we have before us the whole of the original correspondence that passed on the occasion, we are enabled with certainty to relate it.

A Bill for the renewal of the Coercion Act in all its extent was contemplated, when Mr. Littleton stated to Lord Wellesley, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in a letter dated 19th June, 1834, that in his opinion the Irish Government was not likely to require any other extraordinary powers than those that were directed against agrarian disturbances. This suggestion was made at the instigation of Lord Brougham, the Chancellor, who wrote himself to Lord Wellesley to the same effect on the same day. It was therefore proposed to omit from the Bill the clauses empowering the Lord-lieutenant to prohibit public meetings and the court-martial clauses, which constituted half the Act, from a belief that the introduction of these clauses would endanger the Tithe Bill, and would provoke O'Connell to resort to agitation and opposition to the Government. Lord Wellesley replied to this letter on the 21st June: "I

entirely agree with you, and have written to Lords Grey, and Brougham, and Melbourne accordingly." He did so write in a very able and important official despatch of the same date. The same policy was approved by Blackburn, the Irish Attorney-General. Lord Melbourne and Lord Althorp said that "the clauses must, without question, be given up, as no Government could ask Parliament for an unconstitutional power in Ireland, the necessity of which the Lord-lieutenant had been led to disclaim." But they apprehended that Lord Grey would strongly oppose this concession, and might even retire if it were pressed. Lord Althorp added, however, that he was resolved that the clauses should form no part of the new Bill, and that he would resign sooner than allow them to be renewed. Upon this, Mr. Littleton asked Lord Althorp, whether, as O'Connell was about to enter upon a new course of agitation in Ireland, it would not be prudent to see him and apprise him that the precise form and extent of the measure were not decided on. *Lord Althorp concurred in and sanctioned this step*, cautioning Mr. Littleton not to commit himself by any detail to O'Connell. In the course of the same day O'Connell came to the Irish Office, and Mr. Littleton dissuaded him from any unnecessary excitation of the people of Ireland, until he should have seen the new Coercion Bill, which would be renewed with certain limitations. The exact terms in which Mr. Littleton made this communication to O'Connell were reported by himself to Lord Wellesley in a letter of the 4th July to the following effect:—

"I felt so entirely satisfied from Lord Althorp's assurances that the measure would be simply confined to the agrarian disturbances, that I did not hesitate to tell O'Connell that the Irish Government was of opinion that any other enactment was under the circumstances unnecessary. And on O'Connell's expressing some doubt whether others in the Cabinet would not overrule the opinion of the Lord-lieutenant and myself, I added, that 'my own feeling about it was so decided, that I did not think it possible for me to vote for the measure in any other form than as directed against agrarian disturbances.' I added that the moment the question was definitively settled he should be informed."

O'Connell promised to regard this communication as strictly confidential. This was before the Cabinet had deliberated on the question, but after the Cabinet had met, Lord Althorp informed Mr. Littleton to his surprise, that it was resolved to renew

the old Bill without any alteration, as Lord Grey would concede nothing. Lord Althorp said nothing more of his own intention to resign.

Such was the state of things when the debate on the Bill came on upon the 3rd July. O'Connell did not hesitate to betray the confidential communication which had been made to him, and charged Mr. Littleton with having intentionally deceived him for the purpose of obtaining an advantage at the Wexford election. He spoke with a violence and grossness which his own adherents loudly condemned. On the following day Lord Brougham defended Mr. Littleton in the House of Lords, and admitted that he had himself been in communication with Lord Wellesley as to the omission of the obnoxious clauses; but Lord Grey made Mr. Littleton's position untenable by permitting it to be believed that the question was completely settled at the time when O'Connell had been told that it was undecided. Mr. Littleton upon this addressed his resignation to Lord Grey: but the public did not know, nor has it ever been known to this day, that in counselling Lord Wellesley to recommend to Lord Grey the omission of the clauses, he was acting under the advice of the Lord Chancellor, concurred in by many of the Cabinet; and that for his communication with O'Connell he had the express authority of Lord Althorp, then leader of the House of Commons, and manager of the Government measure in that House.

Lord Althorp was so dissatisfied with his own position in this affair, that he resolved to retire from the Government. He did so, but this event led to the immediate dissolution of the Administration, as Lord Grey declared that with a division of opinion in the Cabinet on this question, and without Lord Althorp, he was unable to carry on the conduct of public affairs. In explaining the cause of his own resignation, Lord Althorp stated that he had authorized Mr. Littleton's communication "to O'Connell, with an injunction of due caution." Mr. Littleton contented himself with declaring that "he had acted on an authority on which he thought he could rely." Mr. Littleton may have been guilty of some indiscretion in his conversation with O'Connell. But nothing could justify O'Connell's use of a confidential communication. And, after what had passed, we think that Lord Althorp should have resigned (as he had said he would), rather than assent to the introduction of such clauses, instead of waiting until the affair

had degenerated into a scandalous altercation. Lord Grey justified his own refusal to concede anything on the ground of a private letter from Lord Wellesley. But that letter was written some days previous to the official letter of the 21st June, which formally expressed a contrary opinion. Lord Grey's persistence in an unqualified renewal of the Coercion Act, in spite of the Lord-lieutenant's disclaimer of its necessity, was fed by his resentment against O'Connell, who had covered him with the most foul-mouthed abuse, and by jealousy of his colleagues, especially of Lord Brougham, whom he knew to counsel concession, and, as he thought, for a sinister purpose — a suspicion which was in this instance quite unfounded.

To complete this narrative of the causes which led to the dissolution of Lord Grey's Government, it should be added that Lord Althorp declined to take office in the new Cabinet formed by Lord Melbourne, on the ground that he could not separate himself from Mr. Littleton, and told the King so. The ceremony of kissing hands of the New Ministry was delayed in consequence. On being acquainted with this generous resolution of Lord Althorp, Mr. Littleton also consented to resume his office as Irish Secretary, which he continued to fill until the dissolution of the Cabinet in the following November.* The Irish Bill was renewed without the clauses which had given rise to this crisis; but O'Connell was not appeased and renewed his attacks on the policy of the Government.

Although Sir John Hobhouse was not in Parliament at this moment, Lord Melbourne immediately offered him a place in the new Cabinet as First Commissioner of the Woods and Forests. The offer was accepted, and he was shortly afterwards returned to the House of Commons for Nottingham. On the 19th July, 1834, he took his seat on the Treasury Bench, with many warm greetings from friends on all sides, but the pleasantest was that of

Henry Warburton — a man more distinguished for integrity of purpose than for genial manners. He crossed the House, and said to Hobhouse, "Don't you recollect that the last thing you said to me before your left Parliament was, 'Honest man?' That is what I say to you, now that we meet again." The new Ministry was however of short duration. It had already been beaten in both Houses; and it was dissolved in November by the act of William IV., who took advantage of Lord Althorp's elevation to the House of Peers by the death of his father, to rid himself of a Government he disliked, and to try the dangerous experiment of naming their successors. The principal incident which occurred in this short interval was the burning of the Houses of Parliament on the 16th October, which was of the greater interest to Sir John Hobhouse, as the charge of the public buildings lay with the department of which he was for a short time the head.

In the contest which terminated in the defeat of Sir Robert Peel's short Administration of 1835, Sir John Hobhouse took no conspicuous part. The severest domestic anxiety and affliction of his life, was pressing upon his mind, and on the 3rd of April Lady Julia Hobhouse, who had been to him a most affectionate wife and devoted companion, breathed her last in his arms. Within five days of this melancholy event Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the imperative necessity of resuming his part in public affairs compelled Hobhouse to turn from his private sorrows to his political duties. The formation of the second Melbourne Government is thus related: —

"The King did not send for anyone on the day (Wednesday, April 8) that Peel resigned. On Thursday he sent for Lord Grey, but did not commission him to form a Government; he only asked advice as to whom he should send for. Lord Grey recommended Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne. The King did not send for them until the next day (Friday), when they went to the Palace, accompanied by Lord Grey; but the King did not, on that occasion, ask either of them to form a Government. He only talked of a coalition of parties, which they declared impossible, and referred to the recent Resolution of the House of Commons. Both Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne held very decisive language on this point. On Saturday the King saw Lord Melbourne alone, and requested him to undertake the formation of a Government. Lord M. said he could not give a decisive answer until he had consulted some friends as to the materials for forming a Cabinet. Some difficulties were started by Spring Rice,

* A short time before his death, the late Lord Hatherton placed in our hands a manuscript volume containing a full narrative of this transaction in his own handwriting, and the original correspondence bound up with it. This volume was read by Mr. Fazakerley, Lord Macaulay, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, who corroborated it. We have thought that the present occasion is a suitable one for adverting to the subject, as the facts are not accurately stated in Lord Broughton's recollections, and were probably unknown to him as he was not in Parliament at that moment. The exact circumstances which led to the dissolution of Lord Grey's Government have not been related before with equal distinctness. We have adhered in this succinct account of them to the words of the Memoir, now before us.

who, to my surprise, objected to belong to an Administration dependent on the Radicals for support. It appeared that our friend had written some foolish letter to that effect to his Cambridge supporters. His scruples, however, gave way to the urgent exhortations of Lord Lansdowne, who insisted upon the absolute necessity of attempting to form a Ministry. But it was not until Sunday afternoon that Lord Melbourne consented to undertake the task, and sent for Lord John Russell, who was at Woburn, and had been married only the day before. On Monday there was some discussion about the basis of the proposed Cabinet. The differences referred to the members of the Royal Household and the creation of Peers. His Majesty gave way; everything appeared to be going on smoothly, and on Tuesday there was no reason to suspect that any other difficulties would be made. On Wednesday, however, came a long letter, of six pages, about O'Connell and Hume, and, above all, about the appropriation of Church revenues, to which H. M. protested he could not consent. Lord M. wrote a short and very decisive answer, and immediately went to St. James's. He told H. M. that he would not submit to have anyone excluded, but that there was no intention of employing either Hume or O'Connell. He told the King that he must do one of three things: — 1st. Act on the Resolution of the House of Commons, with a new Cabinet. 2nd. Oppose the Resolution with the old Cabinet, or a similar Cabinet, and with the present Parliament. 3rd. Dissolve the Parliament. The King said that it would be madness to dissolve Parliament now, and he seemed satisfied with Lord Melbourne's explanation. But, shortly after H. M. left the Palace, came another letter from him, urging the propriety of quieting his scruples as to the violation of the Coronation Oath, by consenting to the appropriation of Church property to secular purposes, and proposing that the fifteen Judges should be consulted thereupon. In consequence of this proposal it was agreed that the House of Commons should be further adjourned to Saturday. Lord Melbourne strongly objected to consulting the Judges, and the King gave up that proposal, but recommended that he should ask the opinion of Lord Lyndhurst. Lord M. said that he would not advise such a step, but, if H. M. chose to take it, he could. Accordingly, the King wrote to Lord Lyndhurst, and Melbourne saw the letter." (Vol. iii. pp. 114-116.)

To such a question, as might well be supposed, Lord Lyndhurst positively refused to give any answer. Some discussion ensued as to the distribution of offices. Lord Palmerston insisted on having the Foreign Office, which Lord Melbourne had destined for Lord John Russell; and Hobhouse refused to return to the War Office, failing which he was induced to accept the Presidency of the Board of Control, and thus he again entered the Cabinet. It

must be admitted that he had no previous qualifications for the office of Indian Minister, but he brought to bear on it his great natural sense of justice and knowledge of the world; he was resolved not to be made a tool of the "Chairs," as they were called; and he directed his department with energy and independence. He continued to fill that office under successive Whig governments for about twelve years; and finally relinquished it in 1853. When Lord Melbourne's arrangements were completed, Hobhouse told the Premier that he thought his Cabinet was not so Liberal as his former administrations. Lord Melbourne replied that some people told him it was too Jacobinical. An attempt was made, but in vain, to induce the new Premier to send Lord Durham to Ireland. He was appointed to the Embassy of St. Petersburg.

Whatever was its original character and prospects, this Administration was certainly one of the most remarkable in the modern parliamentary history of this country. It lasted for six years-and-a-half — it survived two dissolutions of Parliament — it closed the reign of William IV. and inaugurated the reign of Victoria — it gradually allayed the agitation which lingered after the great Reform tempest of 1832 — it carried a large number of useful and important measures against a powerful Opposition, headed by such men as Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst — it subdued the revolt of Canada and introduced a new and beneficent era of Colonial Government — it established and maintained the ascendancy of the Foreign Policy of England — secured Constitutional Government in Spain, and triumphantly encountered one of the crises of the Eastern question — and in its closing hours it raised that standard of freedom of commerce, which was ere long to win over to its cause the most eminent of its former opponents. Yet this long and faithful administration of the affairs of the nation began under circumstances the most discouraging. The working majority of the Government in the House of Commons was estimated at only *twenty-seven* votes, and amongst these were reckoned not a few members of extreme opinions or disappointed expectations, whose support could not be relied on, and who used their accidental importance to press heavily on their leaders. In the Lords the majority against Lord Melbourne amounted nearly to *one hundred*, restrained only by the prudence and patriotism of the Duke of Well-

ington, but inflamed on the other hand by the bitter eloquence and factious ingenuity of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, who were now united by a common hatred of those in power. Lord Wharnccliffe said one day to the vindictive ex-Chancellor:—"Why, how you go on with your old friends!" "Yes," said Brougham, "and so I will go on till they go off." The aversion and animosity of the King to his new Ministers were open and undisguised. The extravagant occurrences which had taken place since the 15th November, 1834, were the result of His Majesty's own infatuation, and he keenly resented the ignominious position in which the failure of his attempt to bring back the Tories had left him. Lord Melbourne had not the reputation, at that time, of a great statesman. His *poco curante* manner and his utter indifference to display, led men to think less highly of him than he deserved. But the truth is that no minister ever showed more consummate tact, temper, and unselfishness than he displayed throughout this difficult period. He had difficulties with the Court (under King William), with his colleagues, and with Parliament. He surmounted them with admirable dexterity; and he was rewarded for his loyal perseverance in the latter years of his Administration by the fullest confidence and regard which a youthful and ingenuous Sovereign, who appreciated his worth as it deserved, could bestow. The history of the Melbourne Administration will ever have a peculiar interest for the people of this country and for the world, because it fell to the lot of that Government to surround the throne when Queen Victoria ascended it. That incident threw a romantic interest over the monarchy, which has long survived the party struggles of the hour. It was the dawn of an auspicious day, and the place in history of those who bore a part in it, is greater, perhaps, than they themselves or their immediate contemporaries imagined. Sir John Hobhouse had the good fortune to be one of these Ministers; and the record he has left of that period will be of no inconsiderable use hereafter to future historians.

It so happened that the very first step of authority which the new Cabinet were called upon to take, lay in the Indian department. Sir Robert Peel had, with needless haste, selected one of his own adherents, Lord Heytesbury, to succeed Lord William Bentinck in the Governor-generalship of India, then about to become vacant. At the first meeting of the Cab-

inet Hobhouse brought before his colleagues the question of cancelling this nomination, which they decided to do, and the first communication of the new Indian Minister to the King was to advise His Majesty to revoke an appointment which was already signed upon the recommendation of the preceding Government. The King reluctantly consented. The "Chairs" of the East India Company protested against what they called an "act of power." Curiously enough, Mr. Gladstone's present Cabinet was called upon at one of its first meetings to entertain the same question. Lord Mayo had been appointed to the Governor-generalship by Mr. Disraeli and had actually started for Calcutta before the office was vacant. The appointment might have been revoked. But it was wisely and properly determined to confirm it, and the result of Lord Mayo's administration has amply justified that decision.

While Ministers were floundering in the House of Commons with great measures, such as the Irish Tithe Bill and Corporation Reform, which seemed to crush their feeble majority, the King broke out on every occasion with great vehemence against them; he was in fact labouring with an alarming degree of mental excitement.

"June 27. D.N. 49. — In Downing Street, Russell told me of a singular conversation that he had had with the King about the Militia. H. M. said that Lord Chatham introduced the Militia Bill against the wishes of George II., but that George III., liked the Militia; and, added H. M., so did he, and he should disapprove of any plan that rendered the staff of it less prepared for active service. He would prefer calling out the Militia, and embodying them. Russell said that would cost too much. The people and the Parliament did not care about foreign politics, and thought any measures for defending England unnecessary. 'Very true, my Lord,' said the King; 'and that is what I call penny wise and pound foolish.' H. M. then went on to speak of Russia, and said that he had heard there was an army of 100,000 Russians ready for embarkation in the Baltic; and he added, 'I do not know how you feel, my Lord; but I own they make me shake in my shoes.' The King then remarked that, if France interfered with an army in Spain, there would be an united force of Austrians, Prussians, and Russians on the Rhine in a month, and in another month, they would march to Paris. Russell told the King that he had no fear of French intervention, but that he thought the French Government unstable. 'Yes, my Lord,' said the King, 'and that is because they have not an honest man at the head of it, and

the Ministers intrigue. There is this difference between England and France. Here we may differ on certain points; you and I may differ; but we all of us mean well, and have but one object. I have my views of things, and I tell them to my Ministers. If they do not adopt them, I cannot help it. I have done my duty." (Vol. iii. pp. 142, 143.)

Indeed, his language sometimes became excessively violent.

"I heard from all quarters that H.M. was in a state of great excitement. This was not all we knew of the Royal disinclination to us; for, on Saturday, July 11, in Downing Street, Lord Melbourne addressed us as follows:—

"Gentlemen, you may as well know how you stand;" and, pulling a paper from his pocket, he read a memorandum of a conversation between the King and Lord Gosford, after the review, the day before. The King said to Lord Gosford, 'Mind what you are about in Canada. By G—d! I will never consent to alienate the Crown lands, nor to make the Council elective. Mind me, my Lord, the Cabinet is not my Cabinet; they had better take care, or by G—d! I will have them impeached. You are a gentleman, I believe. I have no fear of you; but take care what you do.'

"We all stared at each other. Melbourne said, 'It is better not to quarrel with him. He is evidently in a state of great excitement.' And yet the King gave Dedel, the Dutch Ambassador, the same day, on taking leave, very sensible advice, and told him 'to let the King of Holland know that he was ignorant of his true position, and that Belgium was lost irrecoverably.' H. M. had also given his assent in writing to the second reading of our Irish Church Reform Bill, which showed that these outbursts were more physical than signs of any settled design; although there were some of us who thought it was intended to drive us by incivilities to resign our places, and thus make us the apparent authors of our own retirement. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence told me that his father had much to bear, being beset by the Duke of Cumberland and Duchess of Gloucester by day, and by the Queen at night. As to ourselves, it was clear to me that, if we continued in the Government, it would be entirely owing to the good sense and good manners of our chief who knew how to deal with his master, as well as with his colleagues, and never, that I saw, made a mistake in regard to either; and I must add that, when a stand was to be made on anything considered to be a vital principle of his Government, he was as firm as a rock.'

"We foresaw that the instructions, which we had agreed upon as the basis of Lord Gosford's administration in Canada, would meet with much disavowal in the Royal closet; and Lord Glenelg told me that when he read these instructions to the King, H. M. broke out violently against the use of certain words, saying, 'No,

my Lord, I will not have that word; strike out "*conciliatory*"—strike out "*liberal*";' and he added, 'you cannot wonder at my making these difficulties with a Ministry that has been forced upon me.' However, as Glenelg went on reading, H. M. got more calm. He approved of what was said about the Legislative Council and the territorial revenues. In short, he approved of the instructions generally on that day, and also on the following Monday; but, when Glenelg went into the closet this day (Wednesday, 15th July), he was very sulky, and, indeed, rude; and objected to some things to which he had previously consented. Lord Melbourne was told by Glenelg how he had been treated, and, when he (Lord M.) went into the closet, the King said he hoped he had not been uncivil to Lord Glenelg, on which Lord Melbourne made only a stiff bow. The King took the reproof most becomingly; for when Glenelg went in a second time, H. M. was exceedingly kind to him, and said, 'He approved of every word of the instructions;' and he then remarked 'that he was not like William III., who often signed what he did not approve. He would not do that. He was not disposed to infringe on the liberty of any of his subjects; but he must preserve his own prerogative.'

"H. M. retained his good humour at the Council, which he held afterwards, to hear the Recorder's Report. Chief Justice Denman was detained at Guildhall, and kept His Majesty waiting a long time. When he came the King took his apologies very kindly. He asked the Chief Justice when he should leave London for the holidays, and where he lived; and invited him to Windsor, and said he should be glad to see him, adding, 'I hope you won't hang me, my Lord.' Such was this kind good man, generally most just and generous, but, when irritated, scarcely himself. He was more sincere than suited his Royal office, and could not conceal his likings and dislikings from those who were most affected by them." (Vol. iii. pp. 146-149.)

The King felt to a greater degree than his Ministers an extreme alarm at the danger of Russian aggression. His early experience in the naval service gave him a peculiar interest in the fleet. And it is of interest at the present moment to observe that he laid especial stress on the maintenance of an efficient Militia. The following energetic expression of his opinions was delivered at a Council held for the merely formal purpose of the approval of the Speech to be delivered from the Throne:—

"At the Council next day occurred a most remarkable scene. There was a levée, and then came the Council. When His Majesty was to say 'Approved' to the reduction of the militia staff, he broke out:—'My Lords, nothing should induce me to assent to this, but for two

reasons: one is, that I do not wish to expose those Colonels who have deserted their duty, and done so much to injure this constitutional force; the other is, that I am resolved the system shall be put upon a better footing the next session of Parliament. My Lords, I am an old man — older than any of your Lordships — and, therefore, know more than any of you. In 1766 George II. had, as I have now, what was called a Whig Ministry; that Ministry originated a Militia Bill, to frame a constitutional defence of the kingdom. George II. had not the advantages which his successors possessed. He opposed the Bill; and he was seconded by persons, in different counties, some from one motive, some from another, perhaps, suberviency; but his Ministers wisely persevered, and carried their measure; since which time this great force has been kept up as it ought to be, and shall be, in spite of agitators in Ireland, and agitators in England; for, my Lords, I dread to think what might be the consequences, if Russia were to attack us unprepared. I say I never will consent to the destruction of this force, and, early in the next session of Parliament, *whoever may be, or whoever are, Ministers*, I will have the militia restored to a proper state. I say this, not only before my confidential advisers, but before others [C. Greville and two or three others of the Household], because I wish to have my sentiments known.

"Such was the substance, and, in great part the very words, of his Majesty's harangue. We looked at one another. Lord Melbourne was very black, and very haughty. I thought he would have broken out." (Vol. iii. pp. 164, 165.)

His Majesty did not let the subject drop, and it gave rise to a decision of the Cabinet which has not before been made known.

"Our next Cabinet, a dinner at P. Thompson's, was chiefly taken up with considering a very strong letter from the King on Russian aggression. H. M. proposed to call on Parliament for a vote of 3,000 additional seamen, and to state frankly that the continued aggression of Russia justified this demand. The letter expressed a hope that Lord Durham would not be deluded by the fine speeches of the Emperor Nicholas. The King condemned in the strongest language the Emperor's speech to the Polish Deputation at Warsaw, which, H. M. observed, made the Vienna treaties of 1815 nothing better than waste paper. The letter concluded with hoping that something might be said in the Royal Speech, at the opening of Parliament, on the subject of Russian aggression.

"We discussed the contents of this letter at the next Cabinet, and, at last, agreed to propose to France and Austria a sort of defensive alliance against the encroachments of Russia. We had, however, very little hope that Austria would fall in with any arrangement that might embroil her with the Emperor Nicholas. How-

ick dissented from making any effort in this direction, and said it would lead to a general war." (Vol. iii. p. 177.)

The Great Seal was put in Commission on the return of Lord Melbourne to office, for one of the chief difficulties of his former Administration had been the intense dislike of the King to Lord Brougham, which was shared to some extent by his former colleagues. But this arrangement was temporary, and the question soon arose whether Campbell, the Attorney-General, Pepps, the Master of the Rolls, or Bickersteth should be Chancellor. Hobhouse energetically supported his old friend Bickersteth. But Lord Melbourne said he was too fond of theoretical speculation and was untried in public life. It ended by the choice of Pepps, and Bickersteth had a peerage and the Rolls. As a debater Lord Langdale brought no additional strength to the government, and so far Lord Melbourne was right; but Lord Melbourne said that he did not regard Brougham as a very formidable opponent. The King observed that if Ministers had made Campbell Lord Chancellor, "public opinion would have been against them, and that no man could stand against public opinion;" he thought highly of Bickersteth on account of an answer he had made to one of Brougham's flighty speeches at the London University. In the course of the proceedings before the Privy Council with reference to the charter of the London University, Brougham asked Bickersteth, who was counsel for the University of Cambridge against the charter, what would happen if the new University proceeded to confer degrees without any charter at all? "They would incur," said Bickersteth, "the scorn and contempt of mankind." It was probably to this report that the King made allusion. In the end Campbell succeeded to the Great Seal, and was a better Chancellor than many of his rivals.

The difficulties of the Government arose quite as much from the disaffection of their Radical allies as from the tactics of their avowed opponents. Their Church Bills for England and Ireland were assailed with great violence by Charles Buller and Tom Duncombe, and even Hume, and so precarious was the condition of Government that their resignation appeared to be a mere question of days.

"Even quiet and courageous Lord Melbourne began to give way, and, at a Cabinet on Tuesday, August 9th, when we discussed whether Parliament should meet in November, and the

discussion turned on the position of the Administration, our chief told us that he had long had doubts whether it was right and becoming to go on with the Government in our present condition. There was an immense majority against us in the Lords, and the English constituencies, so far as we knew, were against us—the Court decidedly hostile—and nothing but an insignificant majority in the Commons in our favour, and, even there, it was only on doubtful and unpopular questions that we outnumbered our opponents. Lord Melbourne said a man must have the patience of an ass to stand against such odds; but he added that he saw no reason for meeting in November, unless it was probable that the Lords would give way on the Irish Corporation Bill, and, for his part, he thought they were less likely to concede, if we forced a meeting in November, than if we met at the usual time. Lord Lansdowne said to me, privately, that, if the Lords carried a vote of want of confidence, he, for one, would resign. He thought they would not propose that vote, because they were afraid of putting themselves in the wrong. I dissented from this view: but Lord L. repeated his determination. Lord Holland also expressed his doubts as to the propriety of going on much longer against the House of Lords, especially if we lost any more elections in large communities.” (Vol. iii. pp. 269, 270.)

And so ended the Session of 1836.

The business of the following year opened with no better promise. The following extract is from Hobhouse's diary of the 11th of February:—

“I heard that what I had said of the happy day that was to release us from our thankless servitude had given rise to rumours of our immediate relinquishment of office. The comment on this from our opponents was somewhat flattering; for they were pleased to say that I was honest and truthspeaking, and really did wish to leave office. This was true, so far as the desire to leave office was concerned; not so much, however, from any dislike of office, as because I did not see how we could retain it now, without loss of character, and consequently, of influence. If we were to go out on losing our Irish Corporation Bill, I thought all would be well. We should avoid the embarrassment, not only of the Tithe Bill, but the Canada Bill, and the proposals of our Radical friends, which were sure to damage us, though very unjustly, with our constituents. I was aware that this was only a party consideration; but I thought that, even so far as the advancement of good principles was concerned, our speedy retreat was highly expedient. I did not see how we could possibly get over the Irish Tithe question. Vernon Smith hinted that he should be compelled to resign, if we abandoned the Appropriation clause.” (Vol. iii. pp. 323, 324.)

Shortly afterwards he had a curious

conversation with Lord Stanley, with whom, in spite of strong party differences, he had remained personally on friendly terms.

“He asked me ‘when we were going out?’ I said, ‘about the 8th of April.’ He replied, ‘No; you won’t go out so soon as that.’ I rejoined, ‘You wish to make us resign on the Church question, which is not so popular as the Corporation question.’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘you own that the Tithe Bill is not so popular?’ ‘To be sure I do. But,’ I added, ‘you shall not have your way. We are the masters here, at least; and now let me ask you, How will you govern Ireland?—are you prepared for bloodshed?’ Lord Stanley said, ‘There would be no such extremities; but that, let what would happen, the Church must be protected.’ I told him ‘that he and his party might come in; but they would fail, and instead of saving the Church, would ruin themselves.’” (Vol. iii. pp. 329, 330.)

The necessity of proceeding with the Irish Tithe Bill, and the impossibility of carrying the Appropriation clause, on which Sir Robert Peel had been turned out and the Melbourne Cabinet formed, threatened to bring on the long-expected crisis. Hobhouse attended a Cabinet with his resignation in his pocket, and he was strongly backed by Lord Duncannon, Lord Glenelg, and Spring Rice; but there came a favourable division in the Commons and the ship righted.

An event, however, was now approaching which materially altered the prospects of the Government and the whole aspect of affairs. On the 26th May, two days after the celebration of the Princess Victoria's eighteenth birthday, it was first made known to Ministers that the King was seriously ill. He was present, however, at a Council on the 27th of May, but his weakness and irritability increased so rapidly that it became difficult to address him on public affairs. On the 16th June a Council was summoned by Queen Adelaide to prepare a form of prayer for His Majesty's recovery, but all hope was over; and early on the morning of the 20th June William IV. expired. The following description of the accession of Her Majesty to the throne is too striking to be omitted:—

“Poulett Thompson called on me early the next day (Tuesday, 20th June), and told me that the King had died at twelve minutes past two that morning. He (Thompson) wished to know whether I had a summons to attend the young Queen. I had not; but shortly after he went away, at a quarter past eleven, a messenger left a summons for me to attend a Council

at Kensington Palace at eleven. Shortly afterwards a Cabinet-box came, containing the physicians' bulletin of the King's death, and a summons to Kensington Palace. I mounted my horse, and rode to Kensington. Arriving at the Palace, I was shown into the antechamber of the Music-room. It was full of Privy Counsellors, standing round the long table, set in order, as it seemed, for a Council. I had a few words with Lords Stanley and Ellenborough, also with Graham, and others of that party. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were on the right, near the head of the table. Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, in full dress, with Russell, Duncannon, Thompson, Lord Grey, and others of our party, on the left, near the top of the table. The Duke of Argyll (Lord Steward), and one or two officers of the Household, were behind the arm-chair at the top. There were nearly ninety Privy Counsellors present — so I was told. After a little time, Lord Lansdowne, advancing to the table, addressed the Lords and others of the Council, and informed them of the death of William IV.; and reminded them that it was their duty to inform Her Majesty Queen Victoria of that event, and of her accession to the throne. He added that he, accompanied by those who might choose to assist him, would wait on Her Majesty. Accordingly, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Melbourne, then the Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover), then the Duke of Sussex, together with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Lord Chancellor, withdrew through the folding doors behind the chair, and saw the Queen. She was alone; but Lord Lansdowne told me that, as they entered the apartment, they saw a lady retiring into the back apartment. Lord Lansdowne returned, and informed the Council he had seen the Queen, and informed Her Majesty of the death of King William, and of her accession. Not long afterwards the door was thrown open; the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex advanced to receive Her Majesty, and the young creature walked in, and took her seat in the arm-chair. She was very plainly dressed in mourning, a black scarf round her neck, without any cap or ornament on her head; but her hair was braided tastily on the top of her head. She inclined herself gracefully on taking her seat. The Royal Dukes, the Archbishops, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Wellington were on the right of Her Majesty; Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne were on her left. Soon after she was seated, Lord Melbourne stepped forward, and presented her with a paper from which she read her Declaration. She went through this difficult task with the utmost grace and propriety; neither too timid nor too assured. Her voice was rather subdued, but not faltering, pronouncing all the words clearly, and seeming to feel the sense of what she spoke. Every one appeared touched with her manner, particularly the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. I

saw some tears in the eyes of the latter. The only person who was rather more curious than affected was Lord Lyndhurst, who looked over Her Majesty's right shoulder as she was reading, as if to see that she read all that was set down for her.

"After reading the Declaration, Her Majesty took the usual oath, which was administered to her by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, who, by the way, let the Prayer-book drop. The Queen then subscribed the oath, and a duplicate of it for Scotland. She was designated, in the beginning of the oath, "Alexandrina Victoria," but she signed herself "VICTORIA R." Her handwriting was good. Several of the Council, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Wellington, came to the table to look at the signature, as if to discover what her accomplishments in that department were. Some formal Orders in Council were made, and proclamations signed by the Queen, who addressed Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne, with smiles, several times, and with much cordiality. The next part of the ceremony was swearing in the new Privy Council. A cushion was placed on the right of the Queen's chair, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first took the oath. They kissed the hand of the Queen; she saluted them affectionately on the cheek. She had kissed them before, in the inner apartment, as Lord Lansdowne told me. The Archbishops and the Lord Chancellor were then sworn; and afterwards Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, and some twenty together. There was a good deal of bustle and noise whilst this was going on. P. Thompson, Lord Howick, and myself, with some ten or twelve others, were then sworn together. The swearing in the Privy Counsellors lasted half an hour at least. Some of us then sat down at the Council-table; and the Queen then said, 'I name and appoint Henry Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord President of my most honourable Privy Council;' after which Lord Lansdowne read several Orders in Council. One of them was for delivering over the body of the late King to the Lord Earl Marshal, for embalmment; another, for directing Sir Hussey Vivian, Master of the Ordnance, to fire the Park guns, and the Duke of Wellington to fire the Tower guns, on the proclamation of Her Majesty's accession. During this time the doors of the room were opened frequently, and many persons admitted to see the young Queen, who continued sitting quietly at the head of the table; giving her approval in the usual form to several Orders in Council.

"I went then into the antechamber, and signed the Proclamation declaring Victoria Queen. A crowd was assembled round the table. The Lord Mayor of London, and several Aldermen and others, were present; amongst them my friend Inglis. They signed the Proclamation, as well as those who were Privy Counsellors, to give an appearance of election to

the sovereignty; at least, that was the reason assigned for this part of the ceremony.* I went from Kensington to the House of Commons, and took the oaths required.

"I then went, at two o'clock, to the Cabinet Ministers of William IV., assembled in Downing Street; all were present except Lord Holland. I then learned that Lord Melbourne had been summoned to attend the Queen at nine o'clock in the morning, and that he had written the Declaration which Her Majesty had read, on taking her seat at the head of the Council-table. Only one word had been altered in that Declaration; it was the epithet immediately preceding 'reliance,' which was altered into 'FIRM reliance' by Palmerston. Russell told me he thought the alteration had not been an improvement; and Lord John added, 'but Melbourne always gives up his opinion in these matters, and, when he asks advice, takes it.'

"Lord Melbourne now communicated to us the Queen's pleasure that she desired no change should take place in the Cabinet. Lord Melbourne mentioned that the Queen had remarked to him that Mr. Spring Rice was not at our first meeting. He was not; for he had not received any summons until one o'clock. We did not transact any business, except making some arrangements for proclaiming the Queen the next day. Russell appeared to me much affected by the death of King William, and I thought there was more gloom on the faces of all than might have been expected, not only amongst ourselves, but generally.

"The proclamation of the Queen's accession took place at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty was presented to the people at the window facing Marlborough House. Lords Melbourne, and Lansdowne, and Duncannon, with Spring Rice, in court dresses, were at her side, with certain great Officers of State behind her. The Duchess of Kent was near her, on her right. The crowd was very great, but composed of decently-dressed people, and gave Her Majesty a warm reception. Daniel O'Connell was unwise enough to play a very conspicuous part, and act as a sort of fagman to the multitude, and regulate their acclamations.

"I went to St. James's Palace at twelve o'clock and found the Queen holding a Council in the Throne-room. She was seated in a chair of state at the head of a long table below the throne; she was dressed much as she had been the day before, except that she wore a black straw hat and feathers. The Archbishops were seated at the table, and two or three others not belonging to the Cabinet. Spring Rice and others, who had not been sworn in the day before,

were now sworn, and kissed hands. Several Orders in Council were then read, and the Queen gave the usual approval, with her soft voice, and her pleasing smile. Her Majesty then rose, and retired into the Royal closet. Lord Melbourne, and one or two others, were then called into the closet, and received by Her Majesty alone. Lord Lansdowne told me that the Queen had remarked to him, she knew she ought to receive her Ministers unaccompanied by any lady.

"I shall go back a day or two, and I shall venture to copy verbatim an extract from my Diary for the day of the accession:—

"'It is impossible to speak too highly of the Queen's demeanour and conduct during the whole ceremony. They deserve all that has been said of them by all parties, and must have been the offspring, not of art, nor of education, but of a noble nature, to use the words of the well-turned eulogy pronounced upon them by Sir Robert Peel.'"
(Vol. iii. pp. 384-390.)

We trust that we may, without indiscretion, add Sir John Hobhouse's account of his first interview, as Minister for India, with the Sovereign of that great Empire, which took place almost three weeks later.

"After the Council, Lord Melbourne told me that the Queen had inquired after me, remarking that she had not yet seen me. I thought it my duty, therefore, to send H. M. my last private letters from Lord Auckland and Lord Elphinstone. Immediately afterwards I had a note from Her Majesty, appointing me to come to her next day, at a little past eleven, at Buckingham Palace. The Queen removed from Kensington to Buckingham Palace on Thursday, July 13th.

"I obeyed Her Majesty's commands, and went to Buckingham Palace at the time appointed. The apartments were in great disorder; housemaids were on their knees scrubbing the floors, and servants laying down carpets. After waiting a little time with a page, the door opened, and the Queen walked in, smiling and curtailing. She placed herself on a sofa, on one side of a small table, and desired me to take a chair opposite to her. She told me that she had read Lord Elphinstone's letter, but had not had time to read Lord Auckland's. She added that Lord Elphinstone's was an interesting letter, and that he was very young for so important a command. I smiled and observed that 'youth was no disqualification for empire,' at which H. M. laughed, and looked pleased. She remarked upon the conduct of Sir Peregrine Maitland, in refusing to allow the regimental bands to attend the Hindoo ceremonies. She agreed with me in thinking it imprudent, and that the zeal of some persons to propagate Christianity often defeated its own object. I observed that Sir Peregrine Maitland was what was called a 'serious' man. 'Yes,' replied H. M., 'and his wife too, who is a sister of the

* This is a curious mistake. The document signed by Her Majesty on her accession is the Declaration for the maintenance of the Established Kirk of Scotland, and this instrument was also signed by all the Privy Counsellors present. It is kept in the books of the Privy Council. No proclamation is ever signed by Ministers. The notion of "an appearance of election to the sovereignty" is an absurd misconception.

Duke of Richmond, is serious also.' She told me she approved of Lord Elphinstone's caution in that respect, and desired me to tell him so; and she graciously acceded to my request to convey her thanks, on her accession to the throne, to Lord Auckland for his general conduct.

"I asked H. M. if she had read Burnet's 'Travels.' She replied she had not, but she had seen and spoken to him, and would read his book. After a little more conversation, I requested H. M.'s permission to communicate with her on Indian affairs, and to send her any news with which I thought she would be interested or ought to be acquainted. To this she assented very graciously, and I rose, and withdrew. I cannot refrain from saying that I received a most pleasing impression from her manner and her remarks, as being superior to her age, and even to her station; at least such Royalties as I have seen. I heard afterwards from Colonel Cavendish, that Her Majesty had told Madame Lezhen, her late governess, that she had had a very interesting and instructive conversation with me. I cannot say I gave her much instruction. My principal information related to the three functionaries at the head of the Indian Presidencies; with each of whom I was well acquainted, and entitled to speak of him." (Vol. iii. pp. 402-404.)

The following scene at the new Court is characteristic and amusing:—

"The dinner at the Castle this day passed off agreeably, and, when in the drawing-room, the Queen sat down to chess with the Queen of the Belgians. H. M. had never played before; Lord Melbourne told her how to move, and Lord Palmerston also assisted her. I looked on for some time, without taking part in the game, and I might as well have abstained altogether; for when Melbourne and Palmerston gave up advising Her Majesty, in order that I might succeed to them, I did not succeed better than my colleagues. I was very near winning the game, when I lost it by an oversight, and by being very often asked by Her Majesty, 'What must I do?' There was also some little confusion created by the two queens on the board and the two Queens at the table. Her Majesty was not so discouraged by her defeat as to prevent her playing again the evening after this. Who played for the Queen I do not know; but H. M. ran up to me laughing, and saying she had won. She asked me how she came to lose yesterday. I replied, 'Because your Majesty had such bad advisers;' on which she laughed heartily, and so did the Queen of the Belgians, who, by the way, spoke English well." (Vol. iii. pp. 424, 425.)

The nation shared the cheerful and auspicious influence of the new reign. The demise of the Crown gave rise of course to an early dissolution of Parliament, and the Administration soon found itself

strengthened not only by the entire confidence of the Sovereign, but also by a House of Commons elected under circumstances widely differing from those which had called it into being the preceding Parliament. The dissolution and election of 1835 were a premature trial of strength on the part of the Tories led by Sir Robert Peel to recover the power they had lost, and the result was a House in which the Opposition could at least hold Ministers in continual check. The election of 1837 was governed by a different feeling, and the Cabinet which seemed so near destruction in the first months of its existence, was destined to retain the supreme direction of affairs for a further period of four years.

As we approach nearer to our own times and have to deal with the advisers and measures of Her present Majesty, our task becomes more delicate, and our limits warn us that we have perhaps already taxed the patience of our readers. We therefore pass over the discussions and debates caused by the Canadian Rebellion and by Lord Durham's mission to that province. Never was greater acrimony shown in Parliament than on that occasion—never was a Government placed in a more difficult position than Lord Melbourne was by the intemperate and overbearing policy of Lord Durham. The Emperor Nicholas, who knew Lord Durham well, having seen him as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, said, "If one of my officers had behaved as he had done, he would have been tried for his life on his return." And Lord Wellesley said to Hobhouse, alluding to the time when he had been reprimanded by the Court of Directors, "My answer was the conquest of the Mahrattas. I did not become sulky and run home."

It was in June, 1838, that the cabinet first received notice from Sir Alexander Burnes, our agent at Caubul, that the Emperor Nicholas had recently despatched a Russian agent with a letter to Dost Mohammed. This was the commencement of the Russian intrigues in Central Asia which eventually led to the Afghan War, and some of the most important transactions in which Sir John Hobhouse was officially engaged. The British Government resolved to check the intervention of Persia, instigated by Russia, by sending an expedition into the Persian Gulf, where the Island of Karrak was soon afterwards occupied and held by our troops, and Lord Auckland ordered movements of troops on the North-Western frontier. Sir John

Hobhouse strongly supported his policy against the remonstrances of some of his colleagues, and he consulted the most eminent of Indian statesmen on the matter.

"Before leaving London I wished much to know Lord Wellesley's opinion on Indian affairs. I called on him, and we had a long talk together. At first I thought he was inclined to believe that Auckland had made a mistake in regard to his movements on the North-West frontier. He listened patiently to my statements, and at last told me that I had made out a complete case for our interference in Afghan affairs. I told him of our treaty with Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah. He remarked that, whether the siege of Herat was raised or not, we were bound by treaty to replace Shah Soojah on the throne of Caubul. He himself, when Governor-General, had always adhered to his treaties, and when Lord Cornwallis arrived, and broke one or two of them, he was in his dotage.

"I told him that the Duke of Wellington expressed great reluctance to our going to war beyond the Indus. Lord Wellesley said no man was more averse to war than his brother Arthur, and he added the same of himself. He strongly advised an augmentation of our army in India. I told him it was done." (Vol. iv. p. 232.)

No doubt at that time a clandestine warfare (if that term can be used) existed between England and Russia. We remember to have heard Sir John Hobhouse say in those days that England was about to measure her strength with Russia and that the field of operations would be in Central Asia. The person to whom this remark was addressed replied, "If that be the case, should we not rather try our strength on Cronstadt?" But no doubt serious alarm existed, and not without reason.

"When I came to the Cabinet on Saturday, March 2nd, Lord Palmerston said, 'Here, see what they are preparing to do with you and your dominions;' and Lord Lansdowne handed to me a letter, dated the same morning, from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Melbourne. The letter began by saying that 'he had so often communicated with Lord M. on matters connected with the Queen's service, he should not offer any apology for writing to Lord M. now. The news had come to him in a singular way; but all sorts of people were in the habit of writing to him on all sorts of subjects. The son of a Hampshire gentleman, who was aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, had a brother who had arrived in England, and had told his father that his brother, the aide-de-camp, had seen on the desk of the Emperor a proposal, bearing on it the words, 'Approved by the Emperor.' The proposal had been drawn up by the War Minister, and, by him, laid before the Emperor.' The proposal was enclosed in the Duke's letter, and

was to this effect: — 'Twenty-seven sail of the line, fifteen frigates, and several transports, with thirty thousand troops on board, were to sail to the East Indies, and seize upon the capitals of the three Presidencies.' The Duke added, 'that this intelligence was not to be altogether depieed. He did not believe that the invasion would be attempted; but that something might be undertaken if the fleet sailed for the East. It might take the Cape of Good Hope, more probably it would go into the Mediterranean, and thence into the Dardanelles, in virtue of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.' The Duke thought it might be advisable to stop the Russian fleet in the Channel. His note was short, but quite in his own earnest style, and worth pages of ordinary correspondence.' (Vol. iv. pp. 269, 270.)

Pozzo di Borgo, who was then the Russian Envoy in London, continued to give the most pacific assurances, and in fact the Cabinet of St. Petersburg soon afterwards disavowed its agents, one of whom destroyed himself. Before he expired he left on his table a note addressed to one of the Czar's principal advisers, in these words: "Come and contemplate your work!" There were others, however, who said that he was still living in some part of that gigantic empire. The scheme for the restoration of Shah Soojah to the throne of Caubul was no doubt a mistake. We had much better have treated with Dost Mohammed, as we did in the end. But the Russian intrigues in Central Asia were effectively checked, and at the conclusion of these difficulties our North-Western frontier was better protected than it had ever been before.

The state of affairs in the Levant was not less critical, and it is remarkable that in the summer of 1839, one year before the active intervention in Syria was resolved upon, Lord Palmerston brought the subject before his colleagues.

"At the Cabinet on June 15th, Lord Palmerston proposed that the French and English fleets should sail to the coast of Syria, and that joint instructions should be given to them to do their utmost to prevent arrest or hostilities between the Turks and the Egyptians; that, if the Turks would not listen to us, messengers should be sent to the Ambassadors at Constantinople, to endeavour to prevail on the Sultan to come to terms; that, if Mahomet Ali would not listen to us, Alexandria and the Pasha's fleet might be blockaded. Lord Palmerston further proposed that the four great Powers should insist on the evacuation of Syria by the Pasha of Egypt; and that, as a reward for that concession, the Pashalik of Egypt should be declared hereditary in the family of Mahomet Ali. Lord Palmerston urged that this arrangement would

be satisfactory to the Sultan; and, if all the great Powers united to procure it, Mahomet Ali would be forced to comply. Austria would consent; France might be brought to consent, in order to stop the advance of Russia; and Russia herself could hardly refuse to countenance a scheme so much in accordance with her professions of friendship for the Sultan. Nevertheless, Russia would not abandon her right to independent action, secured to her by the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; and, if any Christian Power was to be called in to fight the battles of the Sultan, she (Russia) would take care to be that Power. It had been proposed to send Austrian troops to Syria, but Russia would not listen to it. We had a great deal of talk on this important subject, and I did my utmost to second Lord Palmerston's views; indeed, I proposed to seize the Egyptian fleet, and send it to Malta, to be kept in deposit, in case Mahomet Ali resisted the combined Powers. This suggestion was opposed as too nearly resembling the Indian practice; but I persevered in defending it, as the safest and easiest way of accomplishing our object, and I added that the continued encroachments of Mahomet Ali on the shores of the Persian Gulf rendered a collision between him and ourselves almost inevitable, unless, indeed, we had made up our minds to allow him to become master of Bussorah, and perhaps of Baghdad. It was finally agreed that Palmerston should make the above proposal to France, Austria, and Russia; and that orders should be sent to our Admiral in the Mediterranean to be in readiness to sail, in conjunction with the French fleet, to the coast of Syria." (Vol. iii. pp. 375, 376.)

Although the measures eventually adopted were taken in 1840 at the suggestion of Baron Brunnow, who had been sent to London for the purpose, and were vehemently resented by France on the ground of their Russian character, there is no doubt that Lord Palmerston's policy was dictated mainly by a desire to counteract Russian influence. The following passage is very remarkable:—

"Lord Palmerston confessed that recent events seemed to have been all contrived by Russia, so completely did they promote all her views of aggrandizement, and even made the possession of Constantinople at no distant period inevitable. At the same time Palmerston added that if France stood to her engagements with us, he had hopes of putting off the catastrophe for some time. In regard to Austria, Palmerston added, Prince Metternich had repeatedly said, 'If you will manage France, I will manage Russia.' This was well to say; but, in the mean time, Russia intrigued against us in every direction, and, if foiled in one quarter, succeeded in another. We had had a letter from Mr. R., an agent of ours in America, stating that the Russian consul was employed in getting together a force to invade Canada!! I asked

Lord Palmerston whether he believed this. He said, 'he did, and that no immorality was too bad for the Russian Cabinet.'" (Vol. iv. pp. 417, 418.)

Yet within twelve months he was supposed to be acting in conjunction with that Cabinet and in opposition to France.

As early as 1838, it appears from Lord Palmerston's correspondence with Sir Henry Bulwer, which is now published in the second volume of the life of that statesman (p. 28), that he had conceived the idea that the only mode of getting rid of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which placed Turkey in strict dependence on Russia, was "to merge it in some general compact of the same nature." This is what was accomplished by the convention and operations of 1840, and this has continued to be, down to the present time, the fundamental principle of British policy in the East. Lord Palmerston's first intention was to act in strict conjunction with France, if France would act with him. On the 19th July, 1839, he wrote to Lord Granville:—"Soul is a jewel. Nothing can be more satisfactory than his course with regard to us, and the union of France and England upon these Turkish matters will embolden Metternich and save Europe." Unfortunately the subsequent hesitation of the French Government gave a totally different character to the affair, and Lord Palmerston carried his point, not with the aid of France, but in opposition to her.

It was in September 1839 that the proposals of Russia, transmitted through Baron Brunnow, to take vigorous measures against Mahomet Ali, and to leave the defence of the Bosphorus to the Russian fleet, were first brought before the British Cabinet. Lord Palmerston strongly supported these proposals, and intimated to his colleagues that he wished to withdraw from the French alliance, and was prepared to act without France and in conjunction with Russia. The change, as may be seen from the date of the last extract, was a sudden one. Hobhouse energetically supported the views of Lord Palmerston throughout these transactions; and there was this to be said for them, that if we held back out of deference to France, the Emperor of Russia was prepared to act without the concurrence of either Power. Hobhouse himself maintained that the real way to prevent Ibrahim Pasha from marching to Constantinople was to attack Alexandria. "But this advice was reckoned too bold by every body except Palmerston."

The difficulty was however staved off for some months, and it was not until June 1840 that Lord Palmerston informed his colleagues that "the Turco-Egyptian question had arrived at a point that required immediate decision." There was considerable difference of opinion in the Ministry on the subject of acting without France. Lord Holland protested most strenuously against it, especially after a memorandum had been read detailing the measures to be taken, which memorandum was from Baron Brunnow's pen; Lord Clarendon agreed with Lord Holland. But on the 15th of July, 1840, the Convention was signed. It is needless to dwell here on its rapid and brilliant success. The boasted military power of Mahomet Ali and his son collapsed in a few weeks. St. Jean d'Acre was taken after a short bombardment and the explosion of a magazine. And before November, the cause which had brought France to the brink of a war with Europe had ceased to exist. But on the other hand, the French alliance with this country, as far at least as Lord Palmerston was concerned in it, had received a fatal blow; the temporary alliance of England with the Emperor Nicholas was a strange inconsistency, and the precarious throne of King Louis Philippe received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. These were the reasons which induced Lord Holland, Lord Clarendon, Mr. Ellice, and many others to think that no amount of success in the East in conjunction with Russia was worth what it cost to the Western alliance.

To render this inconsistency still more striking, Russia was at this very time intriguing in Central Asia, instigating the Shah of Persia to attack Herat, pursuing her own expeditions to Khiva, and adopting a policy which had led us to cross the frontier of Afghanistan. On the 6th of February, 1840, Baron Brunnow told Sir John Hobhouse that "the Cossack and the Sepoy might meet on the banks of the Oxus." To which the British Minister replied that "nothing was more likely, and that if Lord Auckland had any reason to apprehend that the Khans of Khoolum and Koondooz and the King of Bokhara would be hostile, he would inevitably send a force across the Hindoo Coosh." The Baron was startled at this, and said it was a much more important circumstance than the Turco-Egyptian question. This very sharp style of diplomatic conversation was going on between the two Governments with reference to Asia at the very time when the Turco-Egyptian Convention of

the 15th of July was concluded. The successful advance into Afghanistan took place while Hobhouse was at the Indian Board. The subsequent reverses were borne and retrieved by his successors.

In the spring of 1841 it became apparent that the Cabinet would not long retain office:—

"The next day I dined at Lord John Russell's; it was Cabinet dinner, and our principal talk was of our tottering condition. After Cabinet business, Lord Melbourne, Lord Duncannon, Lord Palmerston, and myself, stayed with Russell, to talk over our election prospects and the probability of Sir Robert Peel consenting to some party motion, in order to turn us out. Russell said that he had no doubt Peel was disinclined to this, but would be driven to it before long. Melbourne agreed with him, and told us the common rumour was that the Duke of Buckingham had been trying to induce Peel to take that step, but that Peel was unwilling and recommended his friends to wait until we had decidedly lost our small majority. Some people affirmed that we had lost it already; but Lord Stanley told me that we were still nine or ten ahead of our opponents." (Vol. v. p. 242.

Undismayed, however, by their own weakness, by the menacing aspect of foreign affairs, by the prospect of hostilities in China consequent on the Elliot Convention, and by actual warfare beyond the Indus, the Government of Lord Melbourne took the strong resolution to present to the House of Commons a Budget based on the principles of Free Trade, and to attack the critical question of the Corn Laws by proposing a fixed duty in place of the sliding scale. These measures did not save the Cabinet, but they shaped the future policy of the country; and although rejected at the moment, they triumphed at no distant period, even over the pledges of their opponents.

The main question for Ministers at that time was whether, having presented these important measures to Parliament with a certainty that they could not carry them in the existing House of Commons, they ought or ought not to dissolve it. Macaulay was at first strongly opposed to dissolution, but he was weary of office, and even of his seat. Lord Morpeth was against it. Lord Lansdowne rather against it; Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell undecided; Labouchere, Lord Duncannon, Lord Palmerston and Hobhouse in favour of it. So was the Chancellor. Lord Melbourne muttered that "he did not like to advise the Crown to take a course in opposition to Lords and Commons, unless he was sure

of a fair majority in the next Parliament." To this it was replied that "important measures having been proposed, it was just and right to take the opinion of the constituencies upon them." In May the final decision was taken.

"At last, Lord Melbourne, saying 'we were as fit to decide on the question as we ever should be,' took a pen in hand, and asked our opinions *seriatim*:—First, Baring, who said 'dissolve;' then Hobhouse, 'dissolve.' Lord Normanby said he should not oppose the general sense of his colleagues, but had given his opinion 'merely to express his dissent and dislike of dissolution.' The Lord Chancellor spoke shortly, but very strongly, in favour of dissolution, and said that, 'if he had been at the Cabinet which agreed to the Budget, he would never have been a party to the proposed measures, unless he had been assured that, in case Parliament refused to adopt them, an appeal would be made to the constituencies.' Lord John Russell spoke shortly, but very decidedly, in favour of dissolution; saying that 'it had been called a leap in the dark; now I, for one, am prepared to take that leap.' Lord Morpeth said that he was a very impartial adviser, for he had been much against dissolution; but the accounts he had received, both from Yorkshire and Ireland, had convinced him that we should be justified in making the appeal to the people. Labouchere said that, 'on the whole, he was for dissolution.' Lord Minto gave a hesitating consent for dissolution. Palmerston made a short but decided speech in favour of it. Clarendon said that 'we should betray our party, desert our principles, and disappoint the country, if we did not dissolve.' Macaulay confessed that he was a convert, and should vote for dissolution. Lord Duncannon said 'dissolve.' Lord Lansdowne said 'we were clearly not doing anything unconstitutional in advising a dissolution.' He confessed that, at first, 'he saw clearly that we should not gain by it; but that now he began to doubt as to the result, that was something; he should therefore, although with much dislike of it, vote for dissolution.' Our master, the Prime Minister, now delivered his sentiments. He spoke slowly, and with great earnestness. The substance of what he said was that 'he had, from the first expressed his strong disinclination to dissolve. He disliked an appeal to the people when their passions were raised on any subject; but, more especially on such a subject as food. He added, that no terms could express his horror, his detestation, his absolute loathing, of the attempt to enlist religious feelings against the Corn-laws. He thought these laws ought to be altered; but deliberately, and not under excitement. He added that he was quite convinced that the appeal would not turn out favourably for us.

Nevertheless, finding that the party wished for a dissolution, and that the majority of his colleagues wished for it, he should not oppose his opinions to theirs, and would advise the Queen accordingly.' He said this with much, and serious, expression of feeling, and almost in tears." (Vol. v. pp. 293, 294.)

Before, however, the resolution on the sugar duties could be put to the House, Sir Robert Peel gave notice of a direct motion of want of confidence in the Ministers, which was carried on the 5th of June by one vote—312 to 311. This virtually ended the contest, and, for the time, the official life of Sir John Hobhouse; for although a dissolution followed, the Administration was under sentence of death, and in the new Parliament they found themselves in a minority of ninety, and "this long agony ended at last."

We must here take our leave of these interesting volumes; for at the time of his death Lord Broughton had not carried on his reminiscences beyond 1818, and this is the appropriate termination of them. He lived, indeed, to enjoy an active, social, and honoured life for nearly twenty-seven years after the termination of the Melbourne Administration. He returned to his former office at the India Board under Lord John Russell, and he continued to fill that post from July 1846 to February 1852—a further term of office of nearly six years. In 1851 he was raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Broughton de Gyfford, and his life was prolonged in a good old age, to the 3rd of June 1869, when he died. Time had somewhat mellowed the political opinions of the Westminster Reformer of 1813; and it was observed by his colleagues on their return to office in 1846, that he had become one of the most conservative members of the Cabinet. He was, for example, the last to make up his mind to the repeal of the Navigation Laws. But time and age never effaced the strong lines of his character—his chivalrous sense of honour, his unflinching courage in action, his keen relish for wit, and his vigour of language. Amongst a generation of statesmen, he held his place with spirit and consistency; and though he laid no claim to talents of the first order either in oratory or administrative ability, he was certainly inferior to none of his colleagues in patriotism, in firmness, and in a genuine love of freedom.

*CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN Bräsig had opened his budget of news from Rexow and Gurlitz, and the Frau Pastorin and Habermann had no more questions to ask, he took flight again.

"You won't take it unkindly, Frau Pastorin, or you either, Karl, but as soon as I can change my boots I must go to the Reform. You ought to come with me, Karl, we are going to elect a new president to-day, because the old one, as he says, can't stand it any longer. I shall vote for the advocate Rein, — do you know him? A capital man, a thoroughly good fellow, — but he makes jokes, to be sure; and then we have a very important question for discussion, to-day, — Rector Baldrian says it is demanded by the spirit of the times, — we are going to find out how there comes to be such great poverty in the world. You ought to come with me, Karl."

But Karl would not go, and Bräsig went alone.

The first person upon whom his eyes fell, as he entered the hall of the Reformverein, was — Zamel Pomuchelskopp, who, as he perceived Bräsig, came right up to him, saying, "Good-evening, dear brother, how are you, dear Zachary?"

There were not many who observed how Bräsig received this salutation, and those who saw it did not comprehend it clearly; but shoemaker Bank had seen it, and told me about it. "Fritz," said he, "see here, if you should look at the Herr Inspector's face in a shoemaker's glass, he looked like that; the mouth was so broad, and the nose so thick, and his whole face looked like fire and fat, and as he put out one foot before him and said, 'Herr Zamwell Pomuchelskopp, I am no brother of yours,' do you know what he looked like? Exactly like the old Sandwirth Hofer, of Tyrol, when he is to be hung on the wall by Landlord Voss, at Ivenach, only that he had no musket in his hand. And then he turned his back to him, and such a back! and went up to the election-table, and gave his vote for the new president, and said aloud, through the hall, 'I vote for the Herr Advocate Rein, for our business must be pure (rein), and if any dirty fellows come in here they must be turned out.' No body understood what he meant; but they were all still as mice, for they knew something had happened; and as he went through the hall they all made room for him, for he looked like a mad bull; but he seated himself quietly at the other

end of the hall, and all the members of the Reformverein know what happened afterwards."

This is what Hanne Bank told me, and I believe him, for he was a good friend of mine, and an honest man, although he was only a shoemaker; he was sent to a bloody grave, in his best years, by a good-for-nothing scoundrel, because he stood up for the right, and although it may be out of place here, I will write it, that the memory of such an honest man and good friend may be honored elsewhere than on his tombstone.

So Zachary Bräsig seated himself at the farther end of the hall, and sat there like a thunder-storm, ready at any moment to break loose. The advocate Rein was made president, he touched the bell, crawled into the cask, and returned thanks for the honor, and finally said, —

"Gentlemen, before we begin our discussion of the poverty-question, I have the pleasure to announce to you that the Herr Proprietor of Gurlitz proposes himself as a member of our Reformverein. I believe there is no one who will oppose his admission."

"So?" cried a terribly spiteful voice behind him, "are you so sure of that? I beg for a word or two," and as the new president turned round, there stood Uncle Bräsig, by the cooling-vat.

"Herr Inspector Bräsig has the floor," said the president, and Uncle Bräsig stuffed himself into the cooling-vat.

"Fellow-citizens," he began, "how long is it, since we declared for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity here at Grammelin's? I will say nothing about Liberty, although I cannot stir my body in this confounded cask; nor will I speak of Equality, for our new president gives us a good example of that, since he always goes about in a gray coat, and not, like certain people, in a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons; but I wish to speak of Fraternity. Fellow-citizens! I ask you, is that Fraternity, when a man wants to pull off his brother's boots? and when a man will let his fellow-creature run about in the snow, like a crow, or if the snow is gone, in the mud? and a man boasts himself against another, and makes game of him? I ask you, is that Fraternity? and I tell you Herr Zamwell is such a brother as that. And I have nothing more to say."

He came down from the speaker's stand, and blew his nose, as if he were sounding a trumpet over his speech.

Tailor Wimmersdorf then took the floor, and said the Rahnstadt Reform must con-

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Littell & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

sider it a great honor to have a proprietor among them; so far as he knew, it was the only one, for the Herr von Zanzel, although he owned an estate, and was a member, was not to be counted, for he made no purchases in Rahnstadt, and had nothing to do with them. He voted for the Herr Proprietor.

"Bravo!" resounded through the hall. "Wimmersdorf is right! Neighbor, you are right! How shall we live, if we don't keep on good terms with such people?"

"That is not my opinion," said Schultz, the carpenter, creeping softly up into the cask, like a fat snail, out of its shell, and he looked like one, for all the world. "Stuff and nonsense, tailor Wimmersdorf, stuff and nonsense! Did the Gurlitz potentate trouble himself about us, did he pay up our bills, before he needed us? Why does he stand here in the hall, when his admission has been opposed? Hasn't he modesty enough to go out? But no! And why? Because he is a Great Mogul. I say, out with him, out!" and the snail crept into its shell again.

"Out! out!" cried several voices, and others cried, "Speak again! Go on!" and a rascally shoemaker sung out in a clear voice, —

"Snail, snail, come out of your shell!

Stick out your horns, we know you well!"

But Schultz the carpenter would not come, he knew very well that he should only weaken the impression his speech had made; he preferred to strengthen it, he stood with Bräsig, behind the scenes, and both called, "Out! out!" and they would certainly have gained their point, had not the devil pushed forward David and Slusuhr, into the cooling-vat, each with a moustache, to signify that they were excessively liberal. They sung Pomuchelskopp's praises with psaltery and harp; he was a helpful angel, said Slusuhr, — "Yes, a fat angel," cried that rogue of a shoemaker, — he had helped many a poor family here in Rahnstadt, — he said nothing about the ten per cent. interest, — and he would do much more for the city.

David began the same song, a little colored with saffron and spiced with garlic. "Gentlemen!" said he, making a low bow to the roguish shoemaker, who received it very quietly, "bethink yourselves, think of the good of the whole city! In the first place, there is the Herr Pomuchelskopp himself, in person, then there is the gracious Frau Pomuchelskopp, — a fearfully clever woman, — then there are the Fräuleins Salchen and Malchen, and the

Herr Gustaving and the Herr Nanting and the Herr Philippping, and then come the Fräulein Mariechen and the Fräulein Sophiechen and the Fräulein Melaniechen, and then come the little Herr Krischaning and the little Herr Joching, and then comes the youngest of all, — well, wait a moment, I am not through yet, — and then come the house-maids, and the kitchen-maids, and the nurse-maids, and the swine-maids, — and I don't know how many more, — and then come the coachman and the grooms, and the herdsmen, and they all want something. Why should they not want something? Everybody has his wants. And they need coats and they need trousers, and they need shoes and boots, and they need stockings and shirts and jackets; and when it is cold they need warm coats, and when it is warm, they need cool ones, and when Palm Sunday comes, and they go to be confirmed, they must have nice coats, and on Christmas — good heavens! I have always said this Christ must have been a great man, what an amount of business has he introduced into the world by Christmas! And all these things we make, and sell in our shops. But who buys them of us? The Herr Pomuchelskopp buys them of us. I have nothing more to say."

And it was not necessary, for, as he finished his speech, all the tailors and shoemakers were, in imagination, making boots and shoes and trousers and jackets for the little Pomuchelskopps, and the shopkeepers were disposing of their remnants to Muchel, and Kurz had, in anticipation, sold him half his stock in trade.

But in spite of this, Bräsig and the carpenter Schultz still cried, "Out with him! Out!" and the other side cried; "Let him stay!" "Out with him!" "Let him stay!" And there was a dreadful uproar. The material interests represented by the Pomuchelskopp's boots and trousers, rose up in opposition to the ideal fraternity; it was a hard fight. At last the bell from the president's desk quieted them sufficiently for the Herr President Rein to make himself heard.

"Gentlemen," said he — "Out with him!" "Out with him!" "Let him stay!" — "Gentlemen," he began again, "Thank God!" — "Out! out!" "Let him stay!" — "Thank God! the opinion of the assembly has expressed itself so decidedly, that we can proceed to a vote. So; let all those who are in favor of admission go to the musician's gallery; those who are opposed, go to the speaker's stand."

The Rahnstadt Reformverein put itself in motion; every one trotted off as fast as he could, to show his decided opinion, and it sounded, from a distance, as if a fulling-mill were in full progress at Grammelin's, and the result of this quiet proceeding was soon manifest, for Grammelin rushed into the room, crying, "Herr President! Children! I beg of you go to some other place, or vote in a more quiet way!"

"Eh, what?" said Thiel, the joiner: "we must vote! Else it is no Reform."

"I know that, Thiel, but you are voting so hard, that the plaster is all tumbling down from the ceiling."

They perceived by this that they were going a little too fast; and from that time, they did not attempt to vote with their feet; but only with their hands.

The votes were counted; Pomuchelskopp was admitted as a regular member of the Reformverein. Schultz the carpenter turned to Bräsig, and asked, over his shoulder, "Well, if it comes to this, Herr Inspector, what will become of Germany?"

"It is all one to me," said Bräsig; "but don't talk to me of your Fraternity!"

Now the poverty-question came upon the carpet, and after the president had explained the question, the Rahnstadt Reformverein took it up for discussion: How poverty came to be in the world, and why it remains here."

The first who rose was Rector Baldrian. He came up from behind, like all the rest, into the speaker's stand, but piled up a great heap of books before him, as high as his shoulders, to create a favourable opinion of himself, in the minds of the audience. As he had arranged the Bible and Xenophon, and Plato and Aristotle, and Livy and Tacitus, and all that he had on hand of Cicero, he made a bow, and said those were his reserves.

"Gossip," said Johann Bank to the shoemaker, Deichert, "this will be tedious; we know what he is, come and have a glass of beer."

Then the rector began, and proved first, from the Bible, that in very old times there was poverty among the Jews.

"That is not so!" cried an eager voice from the crowd, "the confounded Jews have all the money there is; they know well how a poor man feels."

The rector did not let himself be disturbed, he proved the matter from the Bible, and then took up Xenophon, and told about the Helots in Sparta, but the assembly did not seem quite to understand it. Upon that, he opened Plato, and be-

gan on him, that is, on the "Republic," and said that if the Rahnstaders had such a state of things as Plato had planned for the Athenians, every laborer in Rahnstadt could have roast beef and potatoes for dinner every day, and could ride in a coach Sunday afternoons, and the children, who now went begging about the streets, would go with gold chains around their necks, instead of beggars' sacks.

"Let him tell us more about that!"

"Three cheers for Plato!" sounded through the hall. "Gossip, is that the old Jew-grinder Platow, who is blind of one eye?"

"Eh, gossip, I knew him well enough; he has bought many a piece of beef of me," said Krünger, the butcher.

The president's bell produced quiet, and that rogue of an advocate Rein turned to the rector, and begged, in the name of the assembly, that he would have the kindness to give the Rahnstadt Reformverein a particular account of the Platonic Republic.

That was a hard request, and the sweat ran down the poor old rector's face, as he began three times, and three times broke down, for he was far from having a clear idea of it himself. He finally said, in his distress, the Platonic Republic was a republic, and what a republic was his hearers, so well educated in political matters, knew very well. Well, everybody knew that; and then the rector got off among the Romans, and told something quite different, how sometimes the old Romans got hungry, and how they clamored loudly for *panem et circenses*. "Panem, my dear hearers," said he, "signifies bread, and circenses, open-air plays."

All at once, shoemaker Deichert sprang up on a bench, and cried, "That is what I say! The old Romans were no fools; and what they did, we Rahnstaders can do, any day! What? when I and Bokel and Jürendt and all the others are sitting at Pfeifers, playing vint-et-un, shall the burgomeister come and take away our cards, and send us and Gossip Pfeifer to the Rath-house, and make us pay a fine and costs? What? I say, like the old Romans, free, open play for all!"

"You are right, there, gossip," cried Jürendt, "three cheers for the old Romans and the Herr Rector!" And the others echoed: "Hurrah! hurrah!"

The rector acknowledged the compliment to himself and the Romans by a bow, and as he noticed that the presi-

dent glanced frequently at the clock, he hastened to finish his speech, and concluded with these words: "My respected hearers, if we consider poverty at the present time, we shall find that it is only the children of poor people, and of the mechanics, who go begging in our city." With that he retired, carrying off his "reserves" under his arm.

He was followed by Johann "Meinswegens." "Gentlemen," said he, "I am, meinswegens,* a dyer," and thereupon he extended his two hands over the cask with so much emphasis that the whole Reformverein was astonished,—"I used to go to school to the Herr Rector, and he is right, we must have a republic, meinswegens Plato's, meinswegens somebody's else; but what the Herr Rector said about the mechanics, that is a sin and a shame; I mean, meinswegens, the mechanics and not the Herr Rector. Gentlemen, I have, meinswegens, travelled into strange countries as a journeyman mechanic—"

"You sat in the chimney-corner, with your mother," cried a voice from the crowd.

"What? I have been as far as Birnbaum in Poland, and, meinswegens, farther still, ever so far! as true as the sky is blue, and on the word of an honest blue dyer," and he smote on his breast. "And, gentlemen, I could, meinswegens, keep two journeymen, only that, unfortunately, indigo is so dear."

"Oh, you rascal! You color with logwood!" cried shoemaker Deichert.

"That is a stupid joke!" cried Johann.

"What, indigo? Hear!" cried several voices, "he colors with logwood!"

"Yes," cried the roguish shoemaker, "one can easily tell the women-folk that he colors for, they look like tar-barrels, the old logwood gives such a strong color."

"Young man," asked Johann, in a very superior way, "have you, meinswegens, ever looked into my dye-tub?"

"You should hold your tongue, when we are talking about poverty; you are well enough off," cried another.

"Gentlemen, meinswegens, that is a stupid joke! It is true, I have built myself a new house—"

"Of logwood," cried the shoemaker.

"Of logwood!" repeated the others.

"No! no!" cried the dyer, "of fir wood, with oaken beams!"

"Of logwood!" cried the others.

"Gentlemen," began Johann once more, very impressively, raising himself up, and striking his breast with his blue fist, "I am, meinswegens, a Rahnstadt burgher, and I have no more to say."

"That is enough!" cried several.

"Then do as you ought!" cried the day-laborers, "down with the blockhead, he tells us nothing but what we know already."

And Johann "Meinswegens" was obliged to come down from the platform.

Then came Kurz: "Fellow-citizens! We are to discuss poverty, and my honored predecessor has been speaking of indigo. That is a pretty business! Why should we poor merchants pay taxes, if every dyer may get his own indigo, and my honored Herr Predecessor can only do this, because no one can overlook his cards, and see how much indigo he uses, and how much logwood!"

"You look at the cards, yourself!" cried a voice behind him,—he looked round, right into Bräsig's face, but was not disconcerted, and went on: "For he can buy his indigo cheaper of me than even at Rostock. But, fellow-citizens, about poverty—if it goes on like this, we shall all become poor."

"He is right there, gossip," said shoemaker Deichert to Johann Bank.

"Fellow-citizens, I purchased myself an express wagon and a horse, to send home my goods, and also to make a little profit."

"We common people don't care about your little profits!" interrupted Fritz Siebert, the carrier.

"But," Kurz went on, "what happened? They laid an attachment on my wagon, last year, at Teterow—"

"Because you had not paid the tax," again interrupted Fritz Siebert.

Kurz did not mind such little interruptions as these, for he had been turned out once, and he was a persevering character, so he went on: "Our Herr Burgomeister sent for me, and asked me what sort of a wagon I sent my goods home in. 'In my own wagon,' I said. 'So, *per se*?' said he. 'No,' I said, 'not per sea, Rahnstadt is not a seaport; per land-carriage.' Then he laughed, and said he had expressed himself in Latin. Fellow-citizens, what are we coming to, when the magistrates express themselves in Latin, and attachments are levied on horses and wagons? That is the way to poverty. How shall we merchants live on the small profits we get on coffee and sugar, tobacco and snuff?"

* "Meinswegens" — "for all I care."

"Don't talk about your cursed snuff!" cried shoemaker Deichert, "it has given me a nose like that!" and he held up his fist before his face; but he did not have a chance to say more, for everybody laughed, as they saw his natural nose peeping out on both sides of his fist.

"Fellow-citizens!" said Kurz, again, "I know, very well, there must be poverty, but it should be of a reasonable kind; I mean, so that every one may be able to take care of himself, and not be a burden to other people. But is that possible, under the sad state of things in our city? Fellow-citizens! for some years, I have been striving against the unjust privileges which certain people have obtained, and in which they have been protected."

"Gossip," said Thiel, the joiner, to Jürendt, "you see, he is coming to the stadtbulle. There he must stop, baker Wredow is my brother-in-law."

He was right. "Fellow-citizens!" cried Kurz, "I mean the stadtbulle, these —"

"Down with him!" cried Thiel, the joiner.

"Yes, down with him!" echoed through the hall.

"We will hear nothing of bulls and cattle!" cried several voices.

"He grudges everybody the least profit!" cried Fritz Siebert.

"He wants it all for himself, even the stadtbulle!"

The president struck his bell emphatically, Kurz drew himself up in the stand, and made one more attempt: "Fellow-citizens!"

"Eh, what, fellow-citizens?" cried Thiel the joiner and Deichert the shoemaker, and pulled the unlucky tradesman down backwards, by the skirts of his coat, out of the cooling-vat, so that he gradually disappeared, and only his two hands trembled for a moment on the rim of the cask, as if he were drowning, and smothered sounds arose, "Stadtbulle — bulle — bulle — bulle —" Then all was silent, and Kurz fell half fainting into Bräsig's arms. Bräsig and the carpenter carried him out.

"I wish you would hold your confounded tongue!" said Uncle Bräsig, as he dragged Kurz into the next room, and got him into a corner, "do you want to be turned out again?" and the two old fellows planted themselves to the right and left of Kurz, and stood there like the two men in the "Wild Man's gulden," who keep watch over a springing lion, lest he should attack the people; only the two old boys went more sensibly to work than the wild men,

and each had a pipe in his hand, instead of a club.

Meanwhile, Fritz Siebert was showing that poverty came from the turnpike toll; the turnpike tolls must be given up; and tailor Wimmersdorf made a very reasonable proposition; something must be done for the poor, and he could think of nothing better at the moment, than to write down the grand-duke's castle, at Rahnstadt, as "national property;" if that could be sold, a good bit of poverty might be remedied. This was carried, and seven men went off to the castle, with Grammelin's stable lantern, and a piece of chalk, to attend to the business.

"Krischan," said a voice behind Pomuchelskopp, "I like that. You can write, — you shall write, to-morrow evening, on the door of our master's house."

Pomuchelskopp looked round — the voice struck him as familiar — right into the face of one of his own Reform day-laborers, and the cursed rascal had the impudence to nod. He had very peculiar feelings; he had no idea what to do; whether to play his trump of master, or to try fraternity again. Something must be done, he must at least get the Reformverein on his side; and when Bräsig and Schultz returned to the hall, after having frightened Kurz into going home, the president was saying:

"Herr Pomuchelskopp has the floor."

Pomuchelskopp pressed slowly through the crowd, shaking Thiel's hand by the way, clapping Wimmersdorf on the shoulder, and speaking a few friendly words to the roguish shoemaker's apprentice. When he had squeezed himself into the cask, he began: "Gentlemen!"

Well, that always makes a great impression, when a blue dress-coat with bright buttons addresses a laborer's frock, and a mechanic's soiled coat, as "Gentlemen!" and a murmur went through the hall: "The man is right! He knows how to treat us!"

"Gentlemen!" said Pomuchelskopp, once more, when the murmurs ceased, "I am no orator, I am a simple farmer; I have heard better speakers here," — and he bowed to the rector and Johann "Meinswegens," and tailor Wimmersdorf, Fritz Siebert also came in for a share, on account of the turnpike tolls, — "I have also heard worse," — and he glanced at the door where Kurz had been carried out, — "but, gentlemen, I have not been drawn to you by the *speeches*, so much as by the *sentiments* which I find here."

"Bravo, bravo!"

"Gentlemen! I am all for Liberty, all for Equality, all for Fraternity! I thank you for admitting me into this noble union." Here he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, and laid it down before him. "Gentlemen, you have been talking about poverty. Many a silent hour have I spent in thinking upon this subject, through many a sleepless night have I wearied myself with the question how this evil could be averted,"—here he wiped the sweat from his face with the handkerchief, probably to show what a difficult matter he had found it,— "that is to say, gentlemen, poverty in our small towns, for our day-laborers in the country know nothing of poverty."

"So?" cried a voice from the rear. "Krischan, it is time now, speak up!"

"Our day-laborers," continued Pomuchelskopp, not allowing himself to be disturbed, although he knew the voice well enough, "receive a free dwelling and garden, free pasturage for a cow, hay and straw for the same, wood and peat, and land for potatoes and flax, as much as they need, once a week, alternately, a bushel of barley, a bushel of rye, or a thaler, and all the chaff from the threshing-floor, and the housewives can earn five shillings a day. Now, I ask you, gentlemen, is any day-laborer in the city as well off? Ought a day-laborer to require any more?"

"No, no!" cried the city laborers.

"Gentlemen," said Stosse Rutschow, "I am a journeyman carpenter, and I never get more than nine groschen a day, the summer through, and one groschen of that goes to the master; I would rather be a day-laborer with Herr Pomuchelskopp."

"Donkey!" cried Schultz the carpenter, "have you worked at all, this whole spring? You have been loafing about!"

"Quiet! quiet!" cried the people.

"Gentlemen!" Pomuchelskopp went on, "this is the way our day-laborers are situated, and look at their treatment! Any day-laborer can give notice at any time, and seek another place; isn't that honest? isn't that satisfactory?"

"Krischan, speak, it is time!" again cried the voice in the rear.

"Gentlemen!" said Pomuchelskopp, drawing to a close, "I am heartily agreed with this noble union in its sentiments, and on this subject of poverty in the small towns, and you shall see—I am not a rich man, but what I can do shall be done. And now, gentlemen, I ask your assistance and protection; if city and country are true to each other there will be order,

and we can arrange and settle everything in a peaceable manner, in this noble Reformverein. Long live the Rhanstadt Reformverein!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live the Reformverein!" echoed from every corner of the hall.

"Long live Herr Pomuchelskopp!" cried several voices, and Muchel, with a bow and a very friendly demeanor, went back to his place.

As he turned round, the speaker's stand was already occupied, and Zachary Bräsig's red face shone upon him, not like a peaceful sun or moon, but like a fiery meteor, which the Lord sends into the world as a sign of his righteous judgments.

"Fellow-citizens!" he cried, and made a grimace at his fellow-citizens, as if he had devoured two of them for breakfast that morning, and would now select a nice, fat one for his supper,— "Fellow-citizens! if the Herr Zamwell Pomuchelskopp had stayed quietly at home in Gurlitz, I would not have said a word; if he had not pretended to be friends with me, here in this very hall, and had not on this grand father-land platform," here he struck on the cooling-vat, "told such confounded lies, I would not say a word."

"You must not talk like that!" cried tailor Wimmersdorf, "that is all nonsense!"

"If tailor Wimmersdorf considers my speech nonsense," said Bräsig, "he can stop his ears, for all I care; he is much too stupid for me to notice; and now he can go and complain of me if he likes, I am Inspector Bräsig."

"You are right! Go on!" cried the people.

"Fellow-citizens, I should have said nothing at all, for I hold it for a very unsuitable thing, in an agriculturist or any other man, to stir up the laborers against their master; but when such a—" "Great Mogul," interposed Schultz,— "stands up on this altar of fraternity to deceive this Reform with lies, and glorify himself, and make false representations of the happiness of his laborers, then I will speak out. Fellow-citizens! my name is Inspector Zachary Bräsig."

"Bravo! bravo!"

"The Herr Zamwell Pomuchelskopp has told you that there is no poverty to be found in the country, he has regulated all the conditions of the day-laborer so wisely—bonus! as our honored Herr President Rein says; but, fellow-citizens, these day-laborers' conditions are something like roast beef and plum pudding;

they are very nice, but we can't get them. For example, and merely *præter propter*, take the houses! Close by Gurlitz is a sort of pig-pen, which passes for a house, and Willgans lives there,—is Willgans here?"

Willgans was not there.

"No matter. The roof has not been mended these three years, and the rain runs in overhead, and when there is a hard storm, the living-room is flooded, and the poor little children must wade round like frogs, while their father and mother are away at work, and when he complained about it Herr Pomuchelskopp said his name was Willgans (Wild-goose), and water was suitable for geese."

"Fie! fie! He ought not to say that!"

"And now about the free pasturage, and the hay for the cow! *Where* is the pasturage? Half a mile from the village, on the out-field, where nothing grows but goat's-beard, and among the fir-trees, and can the women go back and forth three times a day to milk? Well they don't need to go so often as that, for eighteen laborers, out of the one and twenty, have lost their cows, from one complaint or another, and the three that are left are real dancing-masters."

"The fellow is a Great Mogul!" cried the carpenter, "out with him! out!"

"Quiet, quiet! Go on again!"

"Yes, fellow-citizens, I will go on. About the wood and peat! The peat is moss-peat from the bog, and crumbles apart, and gives no heat, and the wood is fir-brush, and scattered branches, which the children carry home on their shoulders; and then the potato and flax land! Where is it? In the out-fields, on the worn-out soil. How is it manured? Only by the birds, and when one looks at his few potatoes, at harvest, he clasps his hands above his head, and says, 'God preserve us! Shall the family and the pig live on those all winter!' But they do not live on them, they steal. They don't steal from Pomuchelskopp, for they would pay too dear for it, but they steal in the neighborhood, and a good friend of mine, Frau Nüssler, has given orders that, if the Gurlitz laborers are caught stealing potatoes there, they shall let them go, for they do it from necessity, and they are to be pitied!"

"Hurrah for Frau Nüssler!" said Johann Bank, and "Hurrah!" was repeated, again and again.

"And the flax!" continued Bräsig, "so long!"—measuring about a foot on his arm,—“so that even the Herr Notary

Slusuhr himself, who is a particular friend of Herr Pomuchelskopp's, once made the bad joke in my presence, that the women-folk at Gurlitz wear such short dresses, because the flax is too short to make long ones."

"He is an infamous donkey," cried the carpenter, "to be cracking his jokes at the poor! Out with him!"

"Fellow-citizens!" began Bräsig afresh, "I will only say, the house, the cow-pasture, and the wood and peat, and flax and potato land are, for the laborers in the country, their roast beef and plum pudding, they are very nice; but they can't get them, and therefore there is poverty in the country. But how does it come about in the city? Fellow-citizens, I will tell you, for I have lived here long enough, and have studied human nature: the great poverty in the city comes from the great destitution here!"

With that, he made a bow, and took his leave, and "Bravo!" resounded through the hall: "The man is right!" "Long live Inspector Bräsig!"

And then President Rein dismissed the assembly, saying that after such a speech no one could have anything more to say; and they all came up and congratulated Bräsig, and shook hands with him all at once, all except Pomuchelskopp and the city musician, David Berger; the one had stolen away quietly, and the other had run home to call together his fellow-musicians, and when Bräsig stepped out of Grammelin's door, there stood seven brass instruments before him, in a semi-circle, and opened fire on him at once, with "Hail to the chief!" and David Berger had his spectacles on, and was conducting with Grammelin's billiard cue, so that Uncle Bräsig must look out for his head. And the Gurlitz laborers stood around him, in a body, and weaver Rührdanz said, "Don't be afraid, Herr Inspector, you have stood by us, and we will stand by you." And as Bräsig was escorted by this festive procession, across the market, and through the streets of Rahnstadt, these poor, despised people followed him in trust and reverence, for it was the first time that the world had troubled itself about their distress and sorrow, and the feeling that one is not wholly forsaken works more good in the human soul than any amount of admonitions.

Before the Frau Pastorin's house, Bräsig made a short speech to his guard of honor: he regretted that he could not invite them in, but it would be unsuitable in a clerical house, for he lived with the Frau Pastorin;

but he hoped they would all meet him at Grammelin's, to-morrow evening, over a bowl of punch. They received this with a "Hurrah!" and when Bräsig had gone to bed, after telling Karl the whole story, the Rahnstadt glee-club sang under his window,

"Laurels wave where the warrior sleeps,"

and on the road to Gurritz went the day-laborers, in serious mood; and old weaver Rührdanz said, "Children, listen to me! We will get rid of him; but not by force, no! in all moderation, for what would the grand-duke and the Herr Inspector Bräsig say, if we should show our gratitude for his speech by making fools of ourselves?"

THE Moscow correspondent of the *Levant Herald* states that the scarcity of corn in Western Turkestan and the consequent pressure of famine upon the native population are pouring thousands of emigrants into Eastern Russia, which is undoubtedly much in want of them; but a movement which supplies one region of the Empire only by depopulating another can hardly give much satisfaction to the Russian Government. Foreign colonization is what the country needs, and what it is at present unable to attain. In fact, there is much truth in the expressive phrase of the *Bourse Gazette* that "Russia is not yet at home in her own house."

The great Empire is at present what Sebastopol was immediately after the Alma—a colossal fortress insufficiently garrisoned. Siberia is peopled at the rate of one to three square miles. The great plains of Central Russia are little, if at all, more populous. Along the whole course of the Lower Don, till within a few hours' sail of Rostov, there is not a single town, and even the villages are poor and scattered. The new railway from Kiev to Balta runs for at least half its length through a chaos of uncleared forest. The banks of the Volga for leagues together are silent and desolate as those of the Amazon. Even upon the famous "black soil" every spadeful of which is worth a king's ransom, one may travel for days without seeing a human habitation, except a stray liquor shop, or meeting a human being except an occasional robber. Nor is this at all surprising. The Russian system of farming is notoriously bad. Drainage, whether subsoil or surface, is almost unknown. The wooden ploughs and harrows used by the peasantry of the interior are as rude and clumsy as those wherewith the Turkomans of the East have scratched the earth since the days of Abraham. In many of the southern Governments the very highways are so miry and unsound that it is no uncommon thing to see a team embedded almost beyond extrication on the public road between two considerable towns. And this is not the worst. At any moment during the early thaw the farmer may find all his labours placed at the mercy of a sudden freshet, against which no precaution can avail. As the snow falls so must it lie, and the accidental lodgment of the winter drift will often decide the fate of a splendid harvest. Such conditions of life are not calculated to attract

many colonists, in spite of the tempting offers of land and stock perpetually held out by the Russian Government. Over such offers Swiss and German alike shake their heads with a sturdy "Nein, das geht nicht!" and prefer staying quietly at home, or, if need be, trying their fortune in America; while the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, unheeding dispeopled provinces and exhausted coffers, is already, in imagination, sweeping the Mediterranean with its fleets, and erecting the Galician and Danubian races into a bulwark against Western Europe.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE shock of last week has afforded the usual contributions in the columns of newspapers to our stock of earthquake literature; every witness taxing his intellect to furnish some fresh simile. Some likened the catastrophe to "burglars entering the house;" some to ships rolling at anchor; some (like Charles Dickens) to huge animals moving under their beds; while the people of Preston adopted the ready conclusion that the end of the world was come. But no English describer has come up, in point of picturesqueness, to an Indian native newspaper correspondent, for the genuineness of whose letter the *Indian Daily News* vouches. The earthquake in question occurred in Bengal on the 16th of last month:—

Just at 5 A.M. this morning before I got out of my bed suddenly it was felt that my breast and whole body began to tremble at first shock at which I was awaked and considered myself any sickness would have effected over me which made me such restless. I was sleeping at second-storied room which began to shake, but upon doubt that noise comes out like melting machine was mouse or rat jumping from this corner to the other immediately after such noise, a second shock was felt with such violence that door was shut—began to push as I was alarmed to call out my servant for assistance if anybody come to rob me, then asked, who are you? no answer was received then, it was imagined that it was a merely earthquake, which brought in my memorandum to read from many newspapers that at different countries by earthquake the several high and small buildings are thrown down which struck my heart so much that I instantly came out of my bed-room to a open terrace, that I may save myself from falling under the building, then at first one blowed his shout, that many other noise was heard, then my inward shaking was perceived more than an hour to be lasted.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

WITHOUT seeking here to discuss the abstract theory of the Beautiful, we may define it provisionally as the objective side of the purely pleasurable. A cause of one's pleasure is not thought of as beautiful until it is conceived as holding this common relation to other minds besides his own. Even when we seem to call a purely subjective fact beautiful, as a beautiful conception, it will be found that this is really due to its objective common originator, a written or spoken word. If this be so, the beautiful expresses the instinctive tendency of the emotional mind to be in harmony with other minds. When a man standing alone on a cliff, and gazing on the sun setting below the sea, exclaims involuntarily, "How beautiful!" we may see an illustration of this spontaneous movement. The very strength of his emotion begets the craving for some sympathetic response, some reflection of his own feelings in another creature.

The exposition of the various elements in external impressions of beauty has been carried far enough in existing works on psychology; and to these the reader must be referred for their formal classification.* The question now before us is how far and in what way human beings come to have æsthetic aspects attributed to them.

The difficulty that at once meets us here arises from the fact that the objects exciting the sentiment are identical with its conscious subjects. But every human being is not only a subjective mind; he is also, in regard to other minds, a part of the objective world. First of all, the bodily organism with its movements forms as much an external thing as a tree or a rock. Secondly, even the internal mental states become revealed by means of this material investiture in a way which will be dwelt on further on. Thus the whole individual existence, so far as it expresses itself outwardly, constitutes, in reference to other minds, an object of contemplation, and may be found to present features worthy of the name beautiful. The very consciousness which shares in the subjective feeling may, in turn, be the cause or objective source of the feeling for others.

The feelings of others being known to us only through the external signs of

bodily movements and vocal sounds, it may be supposed that we attribute to these representatives qualities which properly belong to the represented states of consciousness; and it will be found that a large part of the beauty of expression is really due to the nature of the feelings expressed. Still, there are certain intrinsic beauties in expressional movement which are easily accounted for on the principles of material beauty already alluded to; and these in their turn lend, by association, much of their charm to ordinary conceptions of the inner character. What amount of gratification is thus derivable from the purely external presence may be roughly estimated by watching the infant's eye as it closely follows the complex and ever-varying movements of some lively boy. Very few, probably, are discriminative enough to detach all such bodily attractions from their idea of the indwelling mind.

This influence of the external on our æsthetic conceptions of character may be traced in the growth of language. It is a well-known fact in philology that distinctions between inner consciousness and the outer world are only very inadequately expressed in primitive tongues. The names of the various functions of mind, as thinking, feeling, and desiring, denoted originally material processes such as breathing, rushing, expanding, &c. And even now we familiarly describe mental features in terms of their external manifestations. We speak of a brilliant, acute intellect, a warm, quiet emotion, and a robust will. Along with the invariable comitance of consciousness and bodily organism here implied, it must be remembered that although impressions of human character and those of material facts are perfectly distinct genera, the emotional effects produced by them may be analogous; and that just as we speak of a warm colour or a bright melody, so the observation of certain temperaments and dispositions may produce feelings both pleasurable and painful quite analogous to those we experience when acted upon by the sights and sounds of nature. As will be seen presently, some of the mental principles on which perceptions of beauty in external objects depend, as the effects of novelty, rarity, and contrast, or those of harmony and fitness, apply equally to our cognitions of others' minds; and in this way many of the rough analogies between properties of mind and matter are fully accounted for.

But leaving the subject of expression

* See especially the chapter on the Æsthetic Emotions in Mr. Bain's work, *The Emotions and the Will*, which has served as a starting-point and a guide-post to the present essay.

and looking at mind as far as possible apart from its connection with body, it may be broadly asserted that, irrespectively of any qualitative differences, all manifestations of conscious life are interesting; and since by their objective signs they are the common possession of other minds, under the ordinary conditions of observation, they easily come to be regarded as forms of the beautiful. Hence the many sayings about the superior and exclusive interest of man as an object of contemplation, as, for example, that which Goethe puts into the mouth of his hero in his *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*: "Man is the most interesting thing to man, and ought, perhaps, alone to interest him."*

The causes of this are almost too obvious to require naming, though they may not have been fully analyzed. It is not necessary, for explaining our knowledge of each other, to assume any intuitive belief in the existence of other minds than our own; the objective sign, pre-eminently the word, is the common meeting-point of our own and others' consciousness. A little attention to the process here evolved will perhaps bring out the peculiar attraction of other minds just mentioned.

The first and most conspicuous feature of the case is, that our impressions of others' feelings must be interpreted in terms of our own. The external movement or sound calls up the idea of a feeling we ourselves have experienced. And here of course lies the main interest. Whatever comes into this close mysterious connection with our own sentient life, has all the borrowed interest of this life itself. But this is not all. There is a positive pleasure in every feeling of resemblance; and this pleasure is heightened in proportion as the resemblance strikes us in the midst of diversity. All of us have experienced the strange shock of discovering the rough image of a human face in a beetling crag. Now, the knowledge of another's mind is emphatically a consciousness of likeness amid wide difference. The boundary separating another's inner life from our own is of the most insuperable character. What the whole distinction involves need not be here discussed; suffice it that it is most fundamental and all-important throughout the whole range of our cognitions. It is this waking up to a consciousness like our own, yet so widely sundered from our own, which gives something of their exquisite delight even to the interchanges of feeling of mature men and

women. This interest, moreover, acts quite independently of the nature of the feelings participated in. It is at the basis of sympathy with pains and pleasures, but it includes the tendency to enter into other modes of feeling which are neither pleasurable nor painful, and even into the unemotional thought.

Another universal source of interest in the contemplation of others' feelings is the scope for imagination implied in the necessary indefiniteness of the intuition. Since we know the minds of others only mediately by the data of external signs, our cognitions are never precise like the intuition of something immediately present to consciousness. Even when the signs are least equivocal, as in the case of a friend's words, perfect definiteness cannot be attained. The feeling of any given moment can never be expressed with absolute completeness by the greatest accumulation of language. Some of its aspects and relations still remain undetermined. Now, the vague and undefined is the source of a peculiar pleasure. It gives liberty to thought winged by some emotion to follow out airy tracks of its own. The artist knows this when he introduces into his picture the path or the brook winding away into the wood, or the hazy expanse of distant air and mountain. So, in the case before us, a part of the subtle influence exercised by every manifestation of soul-life is due to this free play of the idealizing impulse. This remark does not, however, imply that clearness of expression and utterance diminishes the interest; on the contrary, it heightens it in the large majority of cases. For there is always left the region of imagination; and unless some distinctness of feeling is expressed, the sympathetic participation — which is, after all, the chief element of the pleasure — becomes impossible. And further, openness and candour are closely associated with clear expression, and give it a value of a still higher kind. The imaginative interest now spoken of is seen most conspicuously when a new character is brought under our notice. The idealizing impulse fashions the unknown depths of feeling and thought according to its own arbitrary will; and, as we know, the result is often wide enough from the fact. The same tendency shows itself in the ideal future developments we paint for those who are objects of a constant personal interest to us. Our knowledge of each other is never so complete as not to leave ample space for this play of imagination.

* Buch I, cap. 4.

Lest these general considerations should seem too vague to account for any of our actual impressions of beauty in human character, it may be well to trace their bearing on some of these perceptions. In doing this I shall speak occasionally of isolated feelings or states of consciousness, but more frequently of general dispositions or tendencies. It is implied here, of course, that, agreeably to what Mr. Bain calls the principle of Relativity, change of impression or variety is essential to these effects of conscious life. Sameness of impression is equivalent to absence of impression; and fulness of soul always means rich variety. The more important cases of this principle will be spoken of by-and-by.

If all exhibitions of consciousness are interesting, any rare degrees of it must be especially so. For example, the quick emotional temperament is commonly held to be an exceedingly attractive object of contemplation. As a permanent possibility of rich various sensibility, it tends to engage the admiring gaze of others, whether presented in actual life or in the creations of fiction. For this reason, probably, the female character is so much oftener deemed beautiful than the male. Over and above the pleasurable quality of the mere external expression already alluded to, very much is due to the full fountains of feelings themselves. And this interest does not depend on the quality of the emotion as pleasurable or painful, but flows from all varieties of exuberant feeling. When this nature is least fettered by conventional rules, the charm is enhanced; from which cause arises much of the beauty of youth. Closely allied to emotion proper is the excitement of abundant activity. Mr. Bain has shown that previous to any stimulation from without, the system manifests a spontaneous vigour; and this impulse has a characteristic consciousness of its own which we commonly express as a sense of fresh vigorous life. It may be supposed to form, along with the great charm of its physical embodiment, a subordinate pleasure in the gratification we derive from the sight of health and youth. In the remaining departments of mind, thoughts, and volitions, there is less of this excited form of consciousness; and accordingly these aspects of human nature are of interest chiefly for other reasons. The intellectual states, again, being characterized by very little external movement, are of secondary interest as mere exhibitions of conscious life. Thought, when directed to external

objects, becomes undoubtedly more interesting to witness. Quickness of observation and insight, fine discrimination and inference exercised upon the outer world, are deeply engaging as mere modes of active consciousness, though doubtless the keen feeling of interest in the pursuit commonly implied in these qualities is a part of the pleasing impression. Still more is the charm of feeling added to that of intellect in social vivacity, easy comprehension of others, and imaginative interpretation of their feelings and wants. In all these cases of intellectual attractiveness, the percipient mind has been engaged outwardly, and has thus betrayed its workings by a series of rapid and various movements. But the predominance of thought over feeling and action tends to a self-contained, unexpressive, and motionless attitude.

Of the special sources of interest in human nature, one of the most important is the pleasurable quality of the mental state exhibited. To witness the manifestation of a pleasurable feeling is pleasing, and *vice versâ*. This follows from what has been said concerning the mode of reaching the consciousness of others. The observation of another's pleasure is itself an idea of the feeling partaking of its pleasurable nature. This first effect is no doubt often counteracted by after considerations, as when another's joy excites our envy, or injures our sense of justice; but the fundamental fact remains. We are not speaking of the moral aspects of this tendency in active sympathy, but purely of its value as an object of contemplation. The first effect, then, of gladsome expression—all thoughts of the individual's relations to ourselves and others being suspended—is universally pleasurable. For this reason it is made a matter of refined taste to hide as far as possible painful feelings, such as constraint or mortification, and to wear in society an even cheerfulness. The special beauty of some characters may be traced to a natural predisposition to pleasure. Although the acquired habit of repressing pain and exhibiting pleasure is pleasing, the natural disposition to this preference is much more so; for it is more perfect as a form of pleasure through the absence of everything like artificial restraint. The joyous temperament, prone to forget a pain, and to expand a pleasure, is singularly beautiful to contemplate. It forms another source of attraction in the youthful nature, but is seen in its highest charm when it is found rare and unexpected in the habitual smile of a wrinkled old age.

Hence art has chosen for the permanent phases of her heroes and gods deep, quiet gladness; and of these representations the Greek Apollo, "whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow," will probably always remain first in the order of beauty.* Of course this effect of pure gladness is often modified by accompanying suggestions. Insensibility to pain is displeasing, as will be seen, through its unsympathetic character. Similarly the æsthetic anticipation of pleasurable expression is corrected by a recollection of its connection with physical constitution, health, &c.

Hitherto I have dwelt on gratifications depending on our entering into a feeling of another through its expression. But there are pleasures derived from the spectacle of others' feelings not due to this sympathetic action of the mind. Of course, so far as we conceive the conscious state of another, it must be by means of this same interpretation through our own. But in the class of cases now to be noticed the pleasure does not spring exclusively from this assumption of the feeling expressed, but from certain aspects and relations of the same viewed as objects of thought.

And, first of all, the manifestations of human consciousness are, no less than impressions from the material world, the causes of special emotions. The one emotion characteristically awakened by the sight and observation of human beings is tenderness in all its varieties. Though the strongest forms of this feeling are confined to a few objects, other and fainter degrees are bestowed on all our fellow-creatures so far as we observe in them certain qualities of character. Thus the joyous temperament already described is commonly lovable. Many moral excellencies especially sympathy and self-sacrifice, generosity and lasting devotion, excite the same impulse of affection; and this effect lends much of their peculiar charm to the beautiful examples of virtue. Even the spectacle of weakness, and a suggestion of possible suffering, may call up a species of this feeling half pleasurable, yet with an under-current of sadness which we call pity. This case is curious, as being an apparent exception to the superior

charm of pleasurable manifestations. I know of no expression of this feeling so delicate and true as Heine's exquisite song suggested by the sight of youthful innocence, which begins with the line:—

"Du bist wie eine Blume."

Rarely if ever is this sentiment the whole feeling of beauty, but a concomitant of other feelings and intuitions.*

As a second illustration of these simple emotional effects, admiration may be named. The main element here is the perception of some novel and rare degree of a desirable quality. It has been noticed already that some degree of freshness and unfamiliarity must be a characteristic of every impression of beauty. A commonplace exhibition of the most attractive elements of character can never be beautiful. But in certain cases the degree of unexpectedness and rarity may be the chief source of the gratification. Thus all degrees of virtuous feeling and conduct that rise far above the common level of humanity assume the æsthetic attraction. A very striking instance of unlooked-for generosity will awaken a strong impulse of tenderness; whilst a grand exhibition of moral strength affects us with a kind of worship. In this latter instance the emotion of wonder blends with the proper effect of power, which may be sympathetic exaltation, or an approach to terror. The exhibited quality may be in striking contrast either to the ordinary character of the individual, or, what is better, to the usual run of human conduct. Many characters owe their beauty as a whole to a rare combination of pleasing qualities, as refinement of taste with wide sympathy, strength of judgment with quick sensibility of feeling, and so on. It will be remarked directly that this requisite of beauty is frequently limited by the desire for naturalness or conformity to type.

* Mr. Mill, in his able exposure of Bentham's one-sided view of human nature, distinguishes the lovable as a third aspect of actions co-ordinate with the æsthetic and the moral. No doubt where the impulse to love depends on a special and restricted relation of the subject and object, it has no æsthetic character; as in the case of a prompting to reward a generous act to one's own child. But when the mere presentation of an action to our attention is followed by an ideal excitation of the emotion, I regard it as analogous to the other pleasurable effects of beholding human character. The common uses of language confirm one in the belief that, to the majority, the sympathetic or amiable side of human nature is beautiful. No doubt in minds of high culture the connotation of the word becomes narrowed, and acquires an esoteric value, so to speak, the more intellectual perceptions of harmony, &c., becoming the prominent associations of the word, and excluding the more vulgar sentiment.

* Mr. Carlyle has brought out this with other beautiful aspects of character in his *Life of Sterling*. So thoroughly "joyful, light, and hoping a nature" was his, that even his religious feelings seemed to lack the element of terror. Next to this elasticity of heart, the great charm in *Sterling's* character was his abundance of nature, his "infinite susceptibility."

To most a strongly-marked individuality is apt to be unnatural; though to some it is highly impressive and admirable for its rare manifestation of courage and force.

It might perhaps be thought by some that the ludicrous aspects of human nature ought to have a place here, as they are the source of a special and pleasurable emotion in the beholder. But though the ludicrous is undoubtedly a part of the subject-matter of æsthetics, it is strongly opposed to the beautiful and sublime, which are more especially the subject of this paper, and would require a separate and different kind of treatment. However engaging or diverting a laughable eccentricity or defect may be, it is obvious that it has little to do with the aggregate charm of a character.* For the manifest tendency of any excessive amount of quaintness or awkwardness in a character is to inspire contempt after the first impulse of laughter has been gratified. Still, a certain admixture of the ridiculous may add to the real interest of a nature. As will be hereafter seen, a suggestion of some common frailty in a great man will often be a relief, and serve to render his character more natural. Again, a certain *voluntary* gratification of our risible susceptibilities, whether in act or in speech, tends to please us through its exhibition of good-will and wish to entertain. But, with these exceptions, the ludicrous borders too closely on the unworthy to enter into our notion of a pleasing and admirable character as a whole.

In the following elements of beauty in character the pleasure results from a more intellectual process, the cognition of harmony among relations. The general principle of harmony as a main factor in the beautiful is too familiar to require much illustration. In all our perceptions of the beauty of human nature, some reference of the feeling observed to other feelings or objective facts holding relations with it, may be found. Single feelings, as already mentioned, are of interest chiefly as criteria of general tendencies. Any given manifestation of feeling is at once classified with similar states, and, when this is done easily, a pleasurable feeling results, which is the rudimentary sense of harmony.† This emotion is the chief

element in the pleasure given us by the spectacle of human consistency. It is always an intellectual process, and as such enters largely into the perceptions of beauty of the more cultivated minds. As a sense of correspondence between feeling and expression, it appears in the charm of candour and frank openness. It binds the attraction of the present to that of the past, and is one main force sustaining our continued interest in the evolution of the individual.

Beyond the tracing of resemblances among different elements of the same individual character, the feeling of harmony shows itself in the reference of these features of character to an ideal development of the individual in conformity to the conditions of his environment. There is a gratification in tracing the correspondence between the character and the circumstances of individual men and women. The inheritance of a family trait, the willing adoption of the father's pursuit, the exhibition of taste and fitness for the prescribed situation in life, all afford pleasure to the observer. As a correspondence to an ideal of happiness for the individual, this harmony forms a part of our conception of a well-balanced mind, and gives to prudence what little of an æsthetic character it can ever possess. It appears as a well-ordering of energy and appetite in relation to supreme reason in Plato's conception of a just, harmonious, or beautiful man.

A more important case of the pleasure derived from harmony in character is found in the perception of naturalness, or conformity to the laws of human nature generally. This principle, it is obvious, is supplementary to the last, adding the universal type to the individual ideal. It implies generally a facility in entering into the expressed feeling on the part of the observer, as is seen in the saying, "One touch of nature," &c.; but it is an intellectual perception more than a sympathetic emotion. It varies with the observer's knowledge and conception of mankind. This perception takes different forms according to the aspect of character presented. When the individual nature is viewed as a whole, it is judged to be complete or otherwise according to its participation in the various elements of the hu-

* The attractions of individual character are the only things intended to be discussed here. Considered as a member of a group, such as a novel paints for us, a thoroughly ridiculous type of nature may be the source of a high gratification as a relief and counterpoise to the more earnest characters.

† This gratification forms also the foundation of

the intellectual enjoyment in reading and studying character. Curiosity and a desire to comprehend may blend in the interest awakened by the sight of a human being, though there are often painful accompaniments which rob the feelings of their æsthetic character.

man character generally. The pleasure of this perception is opposed to the pain which unaccountable eccentricity, the undue emphasis of any one trait, often occasions. The Greek mind was quickly sensitive to these effects. The conception of a due proportion of the various elements of character which we find in Plato, and which underlies the celebrated maxim *ἡμετέραν ἀν,* illustrates this universal harmony even more than the other. All ideas of fitness, measure, or adjustment in individual character really point to this double correspondence: first of all, with the common requirements of human nature, and secondly, with the special requirements of the individual life. In its ethical form this feeling of harmony becomes the sense of propriety to which Adam Smith gave such a conspicuous place in his system, though the reference here is less to a fact than to an end or ideal. This conformity may be to types of very various extent. We are gratified when we see a man exhibiting the characteristic qualities of his nation, rank, age, occupation, and so on. Thus, for example, one charm of simplicity, or unconsciousness of self, in a child, is due to its naturalness, its suitability to the common condition of childhood.

This variety of the beautiful is modified especially by the other requirement of rarity already spoken of; and to combine these pleasing effects in an ideal character — to be true to fact, and yet to construct a new character — is the special difficulty of the novelist's art. One circumstance which enables the two effects to blend so frequently is the existence of a moral ideal, to which it is acknowledged our characters ought to approximate. Owing to this, the presentation of a surpassing nobleness of nature, however uncommon in actual experience, is not felt to be unnatural. Our moral aspirations in this instance supply the type or standard.

Thus far we have considered the various aspects of human character as matters of contemplation in what may be called a disinterested way; that is, we have conceived the observer as looking simply at the objective facts and their relations to other objective facts, and feeling nothing but what is involved in the contemplation of these alone. But this is seldom the whole of the sentiment produced by beholding such manifestations. One chief aspect of the conduct and temper of our fellow-men is their bearing on our own interests. Bound together as we are in society, every human being soon comes to

be recognized as containing possibilities of unknown effects — beneficial and injurious — on ourselves, and those of interest to us. Hence a large part of the gratification derived from witnessing the feelings and actions of others is due to the suggestions of security and benefit which they bring with them. Nor need the good effects be necessarily material blessings. Future possible gratifications of our various emotional tastes must also be included. In brief, when we contemplate any disposition in another, we inquire into its bearings on our future and contingent pleasures. Now if there are any of these mental qualities which suggest pleasurable effects universally, and not merely to the individual or the few, they assume *ipso facto* the character of the beautiful. Such qualities there are undoubtedly, and the consideration of them brings us to those sides of human character which have both both an æsthetic and an ethical value.

In discussing these it will be convenient to regard first of all the pleasing character of actions and feelings derived exclusively from considerations of their bearing on the spectator; then to add the supplementary impressions due to a comprehensive regard for the effects of the conduct on human beings generally, including the agent himself. This arrangement will enable us to arrive at the ethical aspects of character by a gradual progress from simpler phases.

First of all, then, the exhibition of certain qualities of mind is generally pleasing through the association of possible pleasurable effects on the spectator. This does not involve a process of sympathy with either the agent or the object of the action, but rests on the conception of uniformity in the feelings and actions of the same individual. One source of this pleasure is the ideal character of the conception — the imagination of vague, indeterminate possibilities of happiness through the ideal suggestion. The forms of sentiment and volition which are thus generally gratifying will already have suggested themselves. They include the self-repressing, as contrasted with the self-asserting, qualities. When we witness any act of self-sacrifice to another, it is obvious that a general tendency is at once suggested; and, each spectator being a possible recipient of effects from the actions of the same individual, this idea is a source of pleasure. These dispositions may be either those of self-repression or of direct benevolence. A low estimate of oneself, modesty, with but a slight demand on the consideration and

good services of others, is pleasing in this way, whilst egotism and arrogance are displeasing. When the impulse takes the form of directly aiming to please, the charm is still greater. Quickness of sympathy with others, a keen interest in their welfare, a strong desire to win their approval, abundance of admiration and generous instinct, are amongst the most delightful phases of character presented to us. No doubt other influences concur in bringing about this enjoyment. Even when there is no sympathy with the recipient of the direct benefit conferred, the very sight of mental dispositions useful to ourselves calls up a form of tenderness towards the person, which is an added enjoyment. This feeling is also awakened by the thought of the helplessness and need of our shelter involved in some of these points of character.

It is interesting to notice how timidity and deference to others on the one side, and strength and independence of character on the other, appear beautiful according to the class of dispositions which characterizes the spectator. To a robust, active nature the latter will be far more striking. The excitement of wonder at a rare spectacle, a lively sympathetic enjoyment of the power manifested, and a sense of the moral value of these qualities, will be the feelings in this case. To a less vigorous and more gently emotional nature, on the contrary, the exhibition of the milder, sweeter aspects, will be much more attractive. This is but one case of diversity in taste as to beauty of character, resulting from variations in the degree of the several susceptibilities here discussed.

Let us now turn to the effects of dispositions and actions on the happiness of others besides the spectator. Many of the phases of character just described can only be revealed by actions which directly affect the welfare of some other or others of our fellow-beings. Self-forgetfulness, generosity, supposes some direct recipient of a benefit. Now the pleasure thus produced comes to be recognized by the spectator as part of the action itself, and gives by association a considerable additional value to the dispositions prompting it. This sympathetic gratification has been fully recognized by moralists, especially by Adam Smith, as an element in the sentiment of moral approbation. And here we come to a point where the ethical and æsthetic feelings blend and are scarcely distinguishable. As a pleasurable element of a spectacle, this view of the action or disposition enters into the beau-

tiful; as a part of a man's conduct affecting for good the interests of a fellow-member of society, it calls for a moral judgment of approval. At one instant we are pure spectators, and are gratified by pleasurable ideas; at the next we become judges, and in common with the rest of society allow the action to pass as right, or reward it as virtuous.

The concurrence of the ethical and æsthetic judgments is seen still more clearly when the bearing of the act or sentiment not only on the immediate recipient of the benefit, but also on all others concerned, the agent himself included, is taken into the conception. We look on any piece of conduct by the light derived from past experiences. The common accompaniments of certain kinds of action are immediately suggested on the recurrence of a new instance; and the same preponderance of happy results, a more or less clear reference to which determines the moral judgment of approval, would appear, according to the principles here laid down, to necessitate the gratification of our æsthetic feelings. The question then presents itself, What is the general relation of these two sentiments—are they ever identical, and how far do they coincide? Philosophers have loved to descant on the equivalence of the right, the virtuous, and the beautiful. The poet Goethe says somewhere that the beautiful is more than the good, and includes it. Can any light be thrown on this interesting problem from the conception of beauty in mind and character here adopted?

Let us inquire how far the gratification of both sentiments when they concur is one feeling or two. It is obvious from the foregoing that many cases of moral excellence will be fitted to excite the feeling of the beautiful along with that of approbation or praise. In the first place, a right or virtuous action is frequently striking through its rarity, naturalness, and so on; but further, the ground of the moral sentiment must be, in part at least, the idea of certain beneficial or pleasurable effects; and this is equally an element of attractiveness in the spectacle. Will the moral and æsthetic feelings remain distinct in these cases or not? To answer this we must look a little more closely at the nature of the moral sentiment. One of its peculiarities is its close connection with the will. It may be said that it always implies a tendency to act or to forbear from acting. In the capacity of members of society, we have not only to judge of the acts of others, but to take part in

punishing and rewarding them. In moral condemnation there is involved the readiness to punish; the opposite feeling similarly implies the abstention from punishment. This characteristic at once marks off the ethical feeling from the æsthetic. This latter is a much more passive state of mind. It acts, no doubt, in prompting us to retain the contemplation of the beautiful object, or to shun that of the ugly. But the perfect feeling of æsthetic gratification may be possessed in a comparatively inactive state. On the other hand, the moral feeling of condemnation cannot be conceived as a passive feeling, detached from the will. Hence we find that the two sentiments, even when concurring, tend often mutually to exclude each other, rather than to coexist. The easy man of culture will indulge in the æsthetic charms of a certain disposition or action, being comparatively insensible to the stronger effects of its moral aspects; while the very earnestness of a man's moral feelings will often unfit him for the calm contemplation of the beautiful side of character. In the case of virtue, the difference of the two feelings seems less, through the absence in the moral one of any reference to punishment. But even here we do not lose our active and legislative function; a sort of obligation forces us as members of society to reciprocate some part of this extraordinary service rendered to the common good. On the other hand, in the æsthetic admiration of virtue, though there be an outgoing of tenderness with its impulse to lavish favour, it is still in the function of spectator, and not in that of judge, that we experience this feeling. From all this we gather that the gratifications of the two sentiments of beauty and morality, when producible by the same aspect of disposition or conduct, are not quite so harmonious as we might at first have conjectured. They may blend so as to form a higher delight; but they may also prove mutually antagonistic. It is not meant by this that everybody experiencing the moral feelings of approbation or praise is conscious of this active function. Many experience a form of sentiment much more passive in character, and allied to the æsthetic. This is known by such names as the feeling of propriety or fitness. In fact, the two types of sentiment pass into one another by gradual shades. All that one can safely assert is a tendency. The sentiment is moral as it tends to ideas of action; æsthetic, as it tends to remain a passive enjoyment, a pure contemplation.

The second question is how far the morally worthy aspects of character are fitted to please the æsthetic sentiment. In other words, are the right and praiseworthy sides of conduct necessarily beautiful? This question is independent of the last, and may be stated thus:—Supposing the satisfaction of the æsthetic feeling to be compatible with that of the ethical, what features in human character are qualified to beget both, and what, not?

It has already been seen that the right and virtuous have invariably some elements fitted to become a source of æsthetic gratification—viz., the ideas of the pleasurable effects resulting from these qualities in human conduct. Moreover, in every case of moral approval, there is a sense of harmony between the action and the great ends of the moral law, social order and stability, and the well-being of mankind. It enters as a consistent factor into that realm of individual ends (to use the words of Kant) which makes up universal law. That these relations have their beautiful aspects was recognized by Adam Smith, who discusses "the beauty which the appearance of utility bestows upon the characters and actions of men.*"

But though there are these pleasing features in the spectacle of all moral rectitude, a slight amount of consideration will show that they do not always render an action or sentiment beautiful.

It has been the object of this article to trace out the number of different sources of the seemingly simple effect of beauty in character. For anything in the human mind to receive this attribute in a high degree, several of these sources must co-operate; and in the case of many right and even virtuous qualities of human nature this condition is wanting. Further, morality, with all its pleasurable elements, nearly always includes some discordant and painful elements. Duty means coercion, restriction of pleasure, a forcing of the individual from the course which his natural bent would take. It is an artificial product of a painful system of discipline, and though it becomes in the mature man a comparatively spontaneous course of action, it never loses entirely its associations of restraint and unnaturalness. The pleasure of the agent observed is involved in our notion of beautiful action. Spontaneity, ease, freedom have been seen to be prime essentials in the spectacle of a man's behaviour, and the

* "Theory of Moral Sentiments," part iv., ch. ii.

want of these diminishing the attractiveness of morally correct actions, diminishes that of the mental qualities implied. Even in virtuous conduct, which seems by its very nature so free, there are often suggested ideas of sacrifice and suffering to the agent which detract from the pure pleasure of the spectacle. There can be little doubt that, for these reasons, beings taking to every kind of moral excellence naturally and by instinctive impulse would be a more beautiful spectacle; and, as it is, the disappearance of everything like a sense of restraint always adds to the beauty of morality. Indeed, when the requirement of morality is not very urgent, we sometimes delight to see its shackles broken off, as in the freaks of a wanton, spirited boy.

Not only in the mind of the agent, but in that of some person affected by the conduct, elements of pain may arise which destroy the æsthetic pleasure of the spectacle of justice or virtue. Morality is frequently a balancing of interests, the infliction of a certain evil in order to avoid a far more disastrous one. And when the pain thus occasioned is severe, the action becomes something revolting to the eye. And this is not all. In relation to the character of the agent, the infliction of such human suffering must be conceived as indicating either harshness and insensibility, or a painful struggle and repression of natural feeling, either of which would be displeasing as an æsthetic contemplation. Thus the celebrated deeds of Brutus and Agamemnon, however praiseworthy on moral grounds, and however striking as exhibitions of self-control or power, would scarcely be called beautiful.

Again, the ends of morality may require the production of a character too far removed from common sympathies. The man of exceeding gravity, severely just and faithful to his sense of duty, must be accounted of inestimable worth. His elevation above the common type of men may render him sublime. But we feel at the same time a want of some point of contact with so stern a nature. It appears to us by its emotional coldness outside the great kinship of mankind. Hence, in such a character, as has been said, the appearance of an ordinary human weakness will enhance its æsthetic value. It is a pleasant relief to find so exalted a mind resting on our own familiar earth. Thus the touches of domestic tenderness given by Homer to many of his stern heroes are felt to bring them near ourselves, and they intensify our interest in their doings and

sufferings. So, even a laughable trait—a quaint mannerism—may, through this relieving effect, become beautiful. The almost depressing effects of lofty virtue are thus obviated, and the feeling of oneness restored.

Very nearly allied to this last consideration is another of equal importance. The utilities of life often necessitate great one-sidedness of mental development. Men who have devoted themselves most efficiently to some department of the welfare of mankind have tended to become narrow, incomplete. For a character to be a picturesque whole, as distinguished from a mere unit of a group of characters, there must be a rich diversity. More particularly there should be a fund of various emotions and interests; dignity must be relieved by humour, high intellectual culture by interest in ordinary human concerns. Some of the most estimable people become thus uninteresting, and, though we extol their merits, we feel little attraction in their society. Thus, one is incessantly active and punctilious; another is monotonous through absorption in some one great social interest, and so on. On the other hand, characters of a contemptible weakness do not fail at times to interest us by their abundant diversity. George Eliot's *Tito*, with all his selfishness, fascinates us by his vivacity, his fresh, keen interests, his ever-startling ambitions. Just as diversity of character is sometimes hindered by the limitations of some great moral end, so is intensity of emotion and action. Ethical considerations require the repression of much passionate feeling, and they still more narrow the scope of bold energetic action. And so we find that grand outbursts of enthusiasm are sure to be admired, even if they are condemned on moral grounds; the struggle of a brave people, as the French, cannot fail to win our sympathy and respect, however vain we may have to pronounce it.

It is thus seen that, although Goethe was right in saying that the beautiful is wider than the good, he was wrong if he intended to include the whole of the moral as a subordinate species of the beautiful. So far as our present investigation has brought us, they appear much rather to be two co-ordinate genera, partly coincident and partly exclusive one of the other. While many actions and traits of mind denoted by the æsthetic term obviously have no moral character, so others denoted by the ethical term have nothing, or the *minimum visibile*, of the pleasurable aspect of beauty.

And here we may regard this rough draft of an analysis of mental attractiveness as completed. Not that it is intended to be exhaustive in the enumeration, any more than elaborate in the illustration of the principles involved. For it must be borne in mind that many of the finer, subtler effects of character are owing to intricate combinations of qualities; and that it is not a complete account of these to name their constituent elements. Probably much of the dislike to a strictly scientific analysis of mental products may be accounted for by the prevailing supposition that the analyzed compound is intended to be viewed as nothing but so many bare elements, brought into juxtaposition but exercising no modifying influences on one another. Before the analysis of the mind is completed, greater attention must be paid to these mutual modifications; and the result of any such investigation must always be stated as so many elementary feelings or ideas, *plus* the fact of associative union with all the accompanying effects on the elements it implies. Applying this rule to the case before us, one would have to supplement the analysis by a constructive synthesis, tracing out the origin of many of our happiest impressions of character from the concurrence of certain of the above influences. Only one instance, however, can be given here. The peculiar pleasure of moderation, the happy mean, may be supposed to arise from the satisfaction of two æsthetic requirements. It is a commonplace in morals that many excellencies lie midway between extremes of excess; and it has frequently been suggested in this paper that certain æsthetic requirements tend to counteract each other. Rarity of individual development must not clash with conformity to nature; proud independence must be tempered with deference and sympathy, whilst these last must not sink into feebleness. Hence a character uniting these often opposed excellencies has a peculiarly subtle charm. And it is probable that many more of the æsthetic effects of concrete characters might be referred to a similar mode of blending among various gratifications.

MR. MALLET, of the Indian Geological Survey, has been examining Aden with a view to water supply. He considers there is no hope from Artesian wells, but recommends water to be brought from wells near Mahilla at the Sheikh Othman aqueduct.

Nature.

From Good Words.

"QUEER JEAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

TWO PARTS.—II.

SIN brings sorrow not only to the individual sinner, his errors react on all around him, falling with heaviest reflux on those nearest to him. Especially so it is when the sinner is young, still of the home-group, which fills the poor heart of father and mother with anxious love. Thus it was that on the morrow of that night of grief which revealed to them that their daughter, their Jean, so long their quiet comfort, if not pride, was weak, even wicked, the old soldier and his wife sat moodily at their cottage hearth, sighing much, groaning greatly, eating not at all. "If we haed buried her whan a bairnie, it wad hae been nought at a' by this," said the father. "I cud aisyly hae followed her corpse a month syn, better nor ken she is leevin' the day." The mother sighed and spoke not. She was not sure that her girl was of the living.

The veteran spake no word of regret for the hard mandate that had sent her from her home. Yet, perhaps, if he had had it to say again, he would not have uttered it. It was a sore day for the parents. Then, at noon, there came in a sister-worker, asking, "Whaur's Jean? She's no been oot the day."

"She's no here," the old man answered slowly.

"Weel, whaur is she? I maun tell the grieve."

"She's no here, I tell ye," he fiercely spoke back. "I'm no her keeper! I keepit her ower lang. Gang awa!"

Poor father! he would no longer claim his erring child; and for many days neither father nor mother quitted the distressful hearth. Christmas and New-Year day came, and still they stirred not, nor brewed the jugful of punch, nor cooked the "bomb-shell" mutton dumplings with which they used to celebrate those festive days.

Indeed, they might well forego the punch-jug, for now they were fully aware of Ned's frequent intoxication. Sorrowfully the mother must sit up waiting the home-coming of the reckless youth. "Weel, weel, puir auld father!" the weary mother often said, "we maun gae beverin an' murmin' till oor graves! There's little pleasure o' this side o' it for us, I am feart." They were sad and weary these two old folk.

The father went not forth till the 6th of January, when he must go to receive his pension, and, contrary to his wont, he returned alone. He could not ask one of his old veteran cronies to come with him to his unhappy home. Yet it did him good thus to be forced out, for he found that his poor little world, which he fancied was pointing the finger of scorn, or of shame, or of pity at him, was but little troubling itself with his grief or shame. Thus his load seemed lighter.

But still, their grief abode with them, and I do not wonder. For the home that has known two tiny weans, prattling round the parents' knees—that has been their home when the light faces of their youth made glad the daily meals, that has witnessed the gratification of paternal love, and been lighted with paternal hope, fresh trimmed at the outgoing and incoming of the young folk, surely that home must be black with sadness when the parents crouch at the fireside disconsolate and alone.

So the fishing-rod hung in the cobwebs, for unhappiness caused neglect of appearances, even when the bright May days brought the leaping trouts to the river surface. The old man could not fish, he could not stroll about. What pleasure in such things could the father take, whose finny spoils used once to awake such innocent glee? Ever yearned his old heart within him for a joy departed, for something of gladness gone out of his poor life. Yet would he not own the aching void at his heart. Perhaps, as is often the way in such things, he inquired not what ailed him, thought it was only sorrowing anger, whilst greatly it was the extinction of his love and hope. As for the poor mother, alas! she knew what she ailed and longed for; but cowering on the wee stool at the fireside, she bore her longing in silence, breaking the silence only by her many sighs. "Whate'er haes com' o' her?" was ever the one thing at the mother's heart.

But the year went by, as years will do, and towards its close the improvident Ned said boldly to his parents, "I'm gaein' tae get married."

"Mairried, boy!" cried they. "What wae hae ye for a wife? Ye dinna keep yersel'. Ye're daft!"

"Weel," said he, "if ye dinna gang in wi' it, I'll aff till the sodgers."

They dared not gainsay him, for the veteran dreaded the army, with a horror strange in one who had spent his best days in it. He was their only son, you know, now their only child. They could not

think of losing him. Still must they think of this most reckless proposal as the reckless thing it was; and they bent their old heads even while they answered him. But he went away, and made himself half tipsy, and when he must leave his lass at night, he went to sleep in his stable, so that the parents might fully realize the hazard of losing him wholly.

At evening a neighbour came in, no doubt of purpose to tell them the gossip which so concerned them, for visitors were rare at the pensioner's hearth. The girl their Ned was to marry was Jean Lamont, "the new waiter lass" at the inn. "Ye ken she cam' only at the Mairt'mas. Sae she's maid it up unco quick and clever." And when the parents expressed their doubts of her, as a stranger, and because she hastened in this matter, their friend very frankly stated her opinion. "Deed, ye see, she canna be muckle warth whan she'd tak' the lik' o' him."

"Surely, faither, he'll hear raison! Surely ye can bring the lad oot o' sic folly!" said the agitated mother. And the father would do what he could to that end; and they sat up waiting for the youth's return; but, as you know, at midnight he was snoring in a stall. When then he came not, sadly they crept to bed, lying wakefully, however, through the restless morning hours. Fear filled their old hearts. Had he gone off as he threatened? Were they really left childless in their drear old age? Thus in unrest, they tossed about through the long morning hours, the howling hours of this December morning. And a bitter memory they have of December, for just a year ago they had lost a child. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Chaff bolsters are woe-fully interpierced with thorns.

In their unrest they spoke of their lad. Ned had much need of being weighted and steadied. Might not marriage bring him to that state of mind and heart so much to be desired? "But what's tae feed them, if he cairries on as he's daean'? Gude kens, oor bit is scant enoo as we be." And this was too true; for Ned gave never a penny towards the housekeeping, and a shilling a day goes for little, expend it cannily as you may. Yet any change that gave them a hope, however feeble, of escape from their misery, was preferable to the evil that encompassed them, and they resolved to welcome Ned's marriage and his wife, if he should be restored to them.

At five of the morning the father got up, with his heart resolved on this peace

and welcome, and went forth to seek his son. The bleared moon shone wearily, as it does of mornings, in the rifted heaven, while the old man wandered up and down the village, catching and hurrying towards each early footstep, going again and yet again into the cottage to tell, "I hae na seen him." It was grey light, eight o'clock, when he found him at his stable work, and blessed God and was thankful to see him once more.

On the 11th of January, in the week following "pension-day," the pension money was largely used up to provide a feast for the marriage of the pensioner's son. Not many were bidden. An old veteran, who was a bachelor, came six miles from the uplands; another old man came with his son and daughter. There were two horsey friends of the bridegroom, resplendent in flash waistcoats and corded garments fitting tight to their limbs; a maid from the inn, and a girl friend of the bride's, who came no one knew whence. Indeed, the whole arrangement greatly shocked our little community; for in the ordinary case the marriages of the villagers were celebrated in a public way and place. The "best man," and some other friend, devoted a day or two to canvassing the village and the district around, as far as the parties were known, inviting all and sundry to the festival. Then, the householders who accepted "the call," some even who did not avail themselves of it, sent of their stores to the home of the bride, or wherever the feast was to be held — meal, butter, cheese, whiskey, and so forth, as each might have convenient. And when the dancing was briskest and the company warm, the "best man" made the circuit of the floor, cap in hand, and levied a money contribution from the men, and he was "nae man at a'" who failed to contribute. Thus, the guests, in fact, defrayed the charges of their entertainment, sometimes leaving a surplus of provisions and money for the start in life of the new-married pair. Whereas, here was "pensioner Cammil" breaking through all rule, outraging the legitimate expectation of his neighbours of dancing, and whiskey, and cakes, "keepin' his waddin' till himsel'," and bearing the whole charges of it.

"Gudeness kens!" said the neighbours, "they hae muckle raison tae set aboon their equals! They wadna lik' their dochter and her wean, that'll be there, nae doot, to be seen o' dacent folk. The puir chiel, Ned! — he'll sune be drunk as blazes! Auld Cammil is richt tae keep his hoose dark for the nicht."

But the wedding guests ate of the pensioner's feast, and pledged the young couple from the punch-jug; and the old bachelor scraped on his violin, and "the party" had a dance. And a semblance of pleasure once again seemed to light up the poor cottage. The bride certainly was not much to be praised either for face or figure, but the mother-in-law was resolute to accept her kindly for her son's sake; and, mind you, her name was Jean, a name dear to the cottage, sweet in the mother's mouth. "Oh, me! what but the Lord may be tae mak' us up for the loss o' oor ain puir lass!"

And notwithstanding the evil croakings and hopes of the villagers, a pleasant change came over Ned. No longer did he neglect his meals, no longer tarry late over the gillstoup; but every sixpence he won was brought home to wife and mother. So new peace and hope filled the old hearts again, and they forgot their sorrows of other days as tranquillity and fulness were confirmed to them in the spring. The young wife, too, was not unhandy, was of an easy, pliant disposition, which readily adapted itself to the family modes and ways. Thus the name "Jean" once more became a home word falling pleasantly from the lips of father and mother, with much of the old accent and somewhat of the old feeling.

No, they never mentioned the poor wanderer. She had become to them much as one who had gone to her grave prematurely and with bitterness in her death. Ned, no doubt, had a lively recollection of her; for a day or two after his marriage, some one, "speirin' the partik'lars" of the festivity, asked him if it was true that his sister and her wean had come home. Thereupon, greatly irritated with his interrogator, he swore wildly against his sister. "She kens she needna come seekin' hame there. If she's on airth, she kens better nor tae faice me!"

How light great sorrows seem when they are more than twelve months old, especially when new sources of pleasure have been found! Thus, in the April days, when the fitful breezes were rippling the pools, and fitful shadows played over the streams, the old rod came down from its cobwebs, and the reel out of its long resting-place, the cupboard, and again the river bank and river saw the pensioner, more bent than of yore, I dare say thinner too, but still striving to win pleasure and a dish of trout 'twixt sheen and shadow on the water.

The old bridge spans the Aldie at the

Haugh-craig; and down below the bridge is a deep pool, and on the steep banks the hazel and the rowan-tree crowd on each other, jostle and beat one another when the wind sweeps down the glens and soughs out beneath the lofty bridge. It was the summer term day, and many changes were being wrought out on the lives of the country-side. But no change was at work in the pensioner's household, and there was he on a rock which jutted out into the river, clear of the hazels and the lower abutment of the bridge. The trout were biting freely, and already he had half-a-dozen in his canvas-bag, and dexterously, in the sunshine, he swept his line into the air, and gently it fell back on the pool, as lightly as a snow-flake might fall, scarce rippling the surface where the shadow of the southern bank lay on the water. His eye followed his line as arm and rod moved upwards. Once he thus chanced to glance, and his eye caught the bridge wall far up, and there his gaze got fixed; for staring down at him from the parapet was the face of a woman, and at first he thought it was the face of his wandering daughter.

He thought it was his daughter, the poor lost Jean. But if it was, then the face was greatly altered. He had no time to note how it was altered; for as soon as he caught sight of it, the face was withdrawn. Then he became aware that his rod point was dipping in the stream. He raised it, and tried to go on with his fishing; but the vision had destroyed the mental quiet needed for his pursuit, and nervously he twitched the line, and the flies fell with a splash. To what end was he thus disturbed by the recollection of his daughter's face? It had so gone away from him, that he felt no yearning for its return. Emotion at thought of her was quiet, if not dead; for now thought of her was little or not at all. Yet, certainly, he was disturbed, so much that he abandoned his pleasure, reeled up his line, unfixed his rod, and betook him to his home.

By-and-by, Ned came in for supper, and they gathered together round the evening meal, which the old man blessed and gave thanks for. And as they spoke, the sire told of the face that had looked upon him, and sent him from the river. "Ah me!" said the mother, "wha kens but oor een may see her yet, gin the Lord haes spaired the puir bit lass!" The father responded not; but Ned made answer that his eyes, at least, would not look on the black jaud with pleasure. She had given him too

many red faces for that. She might come when she liked: in there she would not win. His voice was loud, and his mother was silent before him who now in some wise was the hope and holdfast of the cottage.

They had supped, and Ned was standing on the floor, about to go his ways to feed and bed his beasts, when the door of the cottage room opened, and the daughter of the cottage stood before them. She was not, as in other days, attired in tidy garments. Her raiment was rough and rent and soiled. Her countenance, too, was changed and marred, for the freshness of youth was gone from it, and it was bleared and tawny, and the lustrous eyes were dim. She stood in the open doorway before father and mother and brother, who saw and yet scarcely noted her weary, sorrowing look, and no voice bade her welcome; at first, no voice reproached her.

Ned first broke the silence — broke it by calling her the vilest name by which woman may be dishonoured, asking how she dared come there.

"It's nae till ye I cam, Ned! I dinna want tae win in. Wae's me for the grief I'm till ye! But let faither spaik tae me. Winna ye forgie'e me, faither?"

She asked it very sadly. She got no answer, save from his shaking head. The mother saw the tears on her child's face, and turned away that her own might not be seen. When she looked again, the daughter was gone from the trance.

She did not again approach them. They learned that she had found shelter in the back street with an old woman who lived there. In a few days they were told that she had found work on her old employer's farm — work for the half-year; and by-and-by they knew that she would talk with no one, avoided her fellows as much as she might, doing her labour in silence, seeking her home by by-paths, that she might shun all. Alone, as much as she might be, and silently she went on her way, nor joined the gossip of the field gang, nor smiled at the wit with which it sought to lighten labour. Sunday and market-day came, and found her tattered raiment unchanged.

Yet was it matter of much comment that, in her garment soiled and in shreds, she stole, Sunday after Sunday, into an unfrequented pew in the church, in a part afar off, where the thoughtless ones, watching her, sometimes saw her weeping when the preacher spoke most simply of God's love and constancy. It was in those days

that they who carelessly regarded her thought that her brain was touched, and called her "Queer Jean." They took up the belief—I don't know how they came by it at all—that she "went wrong" when her baby died. "Gude kens! Maybe she haed some pairt in't," they said. Yet all the time it was not her head, but her heart, that was affected. Her poor head only suffered through the heart's woes that oppressed her.

The year ran out till Martinmas was come again, and the pensioner's cottage had fresh show of gladness once more; for, lo! a grandchild was born therein. The old man by the ingle-side brewed him a pitcherful of punch, and all who came were welcome to sip of it, for it was well with both mother and child. And Ned, now a father, was most irrationally elevated by the fact of paternity, and was tempted to call together some of the looser spirits whom he knew about the inn, that they might make merry and be glad at this especial time. So it was that he got badly into liquor, and came home the worse for it, which was not good; but he had been steady for so long that they thought it not much of evil. In the store-shed the working girls said how drunk he was, and "Queer Jean" heard it as she wrought her turnip-cutter. Her comrades saw it vexed her; perhaps, too, they saw a tear; but they laughed not at it and were silent, for they had learned to respect the settled sadness of her ways.

Yet very sad consequences flowed from Ned's aberration. Next day, arising with a headache, he "must hae jist a wee drap tae set him richt." Then, in course of the day, his friends of the previous night came dropping into the stable one by one; and each must "treat" him, so that by night he was well-nigh as bad as on the night before. And while he tarried slumberously in the tap-room, waiting till it was eleven o'clock of the night, when his duties ceased, there came the cry of "Hostler, hostler!" He got up, and, scarcely half awake, he went out and found a commercial traveller in his gig at the door. "Now, lad! look sharp and get the beast under cover from the cold," said the man, dismounting. "Ay, ay, sir," hiccuped Ned in the frosty night air, as he led away the steed. Nearly an hour thereafter the traveller found his beast shivering at the stable-door, and the hostler dead asleep in the stall. There was very properly a great ado about it, ending in Ned's dismissal then and there. Thus was the joy for his first-born converted into grief.

It was enough to turn their mirth into mourning, for the young father had lost his only chance of a livelihood in these parts, and more than enough that then and thus he had lost it. But might not, would not Mrs. Polson take him back, seeing that for so long he had served her well? Would she not give him another chance to win his bread soberly and honestly? I dare say she would have acted in a kindly spirit, and certainly Ned kept up his heart and the hearts of the little household with hope of lenient treatment. But, unfortunately, the cold after a hard drive had "founded" the traveller's good steed, swelled its pasterns, and loosened its joints and relaxed its whole frame, so that its owner demanded heavy damages, would not relieve the worthy landlady of the beast, but intimated a law plea. Thus, poor Ned was not recalled to the stables, and dire certification was made to him and the household that he must be answerable for the consequences of his misconduct. So with hanging head he sat at the kitchen fireside, or with idle hands in his breeches pockets, whistled away the hours at the corner of the square, eating meantime the scanty provisions which the father's threepence a day sufficed to procure.

Again unhappiness and hard times beset the cottage, for Ned grew fretful to parents and wife; even his baby girl had no charm for his wayward, restless nature. In the cold January days, if a gig was bound for Inverwick, the county town, and he could get upon it, away he went, frequently without notice to the household, and sometimes he came not back for days. He was looking for a job, he would say on his return; but somehow no job came of it. Once he went off thus, and came not back again; and when they heard of him thereafter, he was an attested soldier. Great was the grief that arose thereupon. The old couple by the dim ingle bewailed him, crooned over the smouldering hearth with hearts cold with sorrow. "God break hard fortune afore him!" said the father. The women sobbed their responses to the prayer, for much they all feared that the stern and grinding life of a soldier would ill accord with their versatile son.

He was sent to Fort George to learn "the goose step," to be drilled into soldierhood. Two months of the cheerless, hopeless routine of that most desolate of barracks quite broke down the spirit of the lad, and he wrote very miserable letters to his father and his wife. His life was

wretched, he said. He was resolved not to bear it for long. Either they must "buy him off," or he would end his days in the Firth that flowed past the silent walls of the spectral fort, or, what was worse, he would desert. His mind was ill-regulated, you see, and would not brook quiet or control.

Young wife and old mother fell a sobbing. Their Ned was sure to be found some morning amid the tangle and seaweed on that joyless beach, which the mother remembered from her own times of soldiering. Indeed, those were terrible days before the father yielded to them, and said he would sell their cottage to redeem their son. But who would buy the poor little house? You would wonder how readily property of every sort finds a purchaser. Since it had become his own the old man had from time to time spent many a pound on it, fully as much as he had paid for it at the first. It was with a grieved and grudging heart that he looked out for a purchaser. House of woes and mourning, still it was his home, wherein he had seen many happy days, so that even in his present distresses the heart of him clung fast to the old door-jamba, and would not be peaceably evicted.

But a purchaser who seemed kindly, if not liberal, was found. The village merchant would advance twenty-five pounds, taking an absolute disposition to the cottage, but giving a "back letter," to the effect that he would reconvey it to the old man if principal and interest were repaid to him within two years. So the deed was done, and yet so done that the veteran sat still by his old hearth. Through the intervention of the minister his son was discharged and restored to him.

Of course the transaction was greatly gossiped of by the villagers. "Cammil's surely deytt! Sell his hous' tae free sic a son! Pay a score noths tae buy aff sae fine a fella! Weel, he may mak' ready tae bid it gudebye." Auld Grippie 'll hae the richts o' it certain."

To one soul in the village the gossip brought gladness, real gladness, and that was the soul of Queer Jean. What do I say? Just this, that when Jean heard it, the aspect of life changed for her; pleasure in life to which she had long been a stranger once again found her. How was this? She rejoiced not because the tidings meant sorrow in the cottage that disowned her, not because she foresaw her father's inability to redeem the cottage. In lonely isolation, she felt and shared in all the sorrow that befell them. But this

special sorrow and inability was her special advantage and silent pleasure. In due time *she* would redeem the home. This was the sunbeam that fell through the mists upon her, gladdening her lone life, giving her an object in living. She spent nought of her money wage save for rent, and thus she had accumulated somewhat already. Now she could count again the one-pound notes, which heretofore she dared not look at, scarcely recollected to have laid by, and each one of them became a precious thing, means and instrument by-and-by to tell the love of father and mother and brother that burned in her weary heart.

Ned was restored to them, and now, in his twenty-first year, he must go learn a trade. He selected that of blacksmith, as somewhat cognate to his former calling, — cognate, you know, through the shoeing of horses and the tiring of cart-wheels. A great change had been wrought in him by his six months of discipline. No doubt, as the future proved, the recklessness of his nature had not been utterly beaten down and eradicated, although, indeed, it was much crushed. No longer did he look upon life as a thing to be tossed about in boyish pastime. He had ceased to regard youth as an alleviation of wrong-doing, and to give up this hallucination is, I think, a beginning of wisdom. So steadily he toiled away, although his wage was but six shillings a week, and his apprenticeship was to endure for six years; soberly, calmly, cheerfully toiled from week to week, and week after week laid the poor little wages in his mother's hands. It was in August that he began to work, and his father's plan was this. They all should live, as best they might, on the pension, and the apprentice's fees should go to clear off the debt and interest for which the cottage stood impledged.

But still a better change was manifested, when, on an autumn evening, he stood at the door of his poor sister's bothy, for I should have told you that the old woman who had first received Jean therein lay in the kirkyard. "Sister," said he, "wull ye cam' hame? If ye wull, I'll clear the road for paice." "Na!" was all her answer, calmly but distinctly given — given without sign of hope, and he turned away abashed. But how did her heart leap within her at the proposal, anticipating the hour when she, proudly bearing the redemption of her home, would go to her people! And well he might be abashed, for his was the voice that had repulsed her from her father's door; his the hand that

with the hot iron of selfish, resentful anger, had seared and burnt her soul.

It is easy even for poverty to get under the millstone of indebtedness. Escape from it is a wondrously hard work. Sometimes many special things will conspire to prevent deliverance, to thwart all efforts towards it. Thus, meal was very dear that year, and the two or three drills of potatoes which the old couple had planted with tears in the spring, were blighted by the blight in autumn. Perhaps, too, they miscalculated the purchasing power of the pension-money, for when it was paid in October, it was mostly pre-engaged. "Skin for skin," said the evil one, "yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." In the present need the salvation of the homestead was forgotten, and the son's wages went into the porridge-pot.

Nay, I am wrong, it was not forgotten. How could it be, seeing that at Martinmas the merchant came claiming rent for the past half-year? "If you pay the debt and interest, the rent will, of course, stand you in the reckoning. But, meantime, I am not to take a bare interest on my cash." Two pounds ten he demanded, and thereat the little household was aghast, not comprehending the transaction, seeing only that thus all their hopes of saving were swept away. They had no money wherewith to pay it, and the creditor said they abused his goodness and liberality. He spoke also of his rights as landlord, and of the sheriff-officer. The old soldier was terribly unnerved and shaken by it. He would pay in January, when he got his money, he humbly said. Coldly the rich man turned away, saying that he must secure himself of payment; and the veteran sat down on his stool and cried outright. When with trembling hand he had dried his tears, and stood up, he feebly complained of a sharp pain in his chest. "It gaes down my airm," he said, raising his left arm while he pressed his right hand on his chest. "I maun lie down and rest a bit;" and he lay down with the tears in his old eyes on his old and uneasy bed.

Half an hour later, the swarthy blacksmith came in for his supper, and none of them mentioned the new distress that had arisen; but "Gran'father's nae weel the nicht wi' sair pain i' his breist." But the pain itself was gone, and the old man was sitting at the hearth. "I ne'er felt the lik' o' yon pain," he said. "It went dirlin' roun' ma auld hairt, gey unchancey lik'." Too truly, the mischief lay at his heart. That night week, as he lay in bed, awake

and waiting for his wife to lie down beside him, suddenly he said he felt that pain again. At the call of the old woman, son and daughter-in-law were promptly at the bedside. The old man moaned once and again, "Ma breist, ma breist! Gie me watter!" They raised his head, for he seemed powerless. They held a bowl with water to his lips, but he drank not; for while they held him in their arms the old man passed away from the sorrow and cares which so much oppressed him, to the everlasting quiet that stills and solaces the worst of human woes.

The sun shone bright on the white-washed wall, with that crisp and cheery light which a frosty November day sheds on the cold chill world. You could not have guessed in the external light and brightness, that within the white wall of the cottage its old tenant lay stark and stiff in death. At mid-day a mourner, dark and dirty, entered the doorway, raised the latch, and stood before them all. Silent she stood for a moment, then in hoarse tones muttered, "Ma faither's deid! I maun see his corp' in paice!" It was the daughter Jean. They stayed her not. They did not welcome her. The mother, now widow, on a stool at the fireside went on rocking her body backwards and forwards, "makin' her maen," for to her this dispensation was specially bitter. So the daughter went to the bedside where the body of her father lay, underneath the white sheet, which she folded down from the rigid old face. At sight of it a great sob burst from her rugged breast, a great cry was wrung from her, "He did ne'er forgie me!" A gentle woman would have kissed the cold face, a gentler soul would have knelt down and prayed God to do what the earthly father had not done. Jean only howled again in anguish, "He did ne'er forgie me!" They did not one of them seek to comfort the heart-stricken daughter; offered her no word of sympathy in her special sorrow. Perhaps they were each so engrossed with grief that they had no eye or sense for the suffering of others.

Much cannot be said against the merchant, although in a few days after the old man was buried he hypotheated the poor household stuff that was the cottage furniture for security and in payment of his rent. If his claim was just, this certainly seemed the only source from which he could obtain payment. If unjust, there was the sheriff to do justly between them. Indeed, the merchant professed much desire for peace with all men, and especially

with the little family. He offered to forego the claim of rent altogether, if the deceased's heir gave up the back letter, paid him 12 5s. by way of interest, and evacuated the cottage at the following Whit-Sunday. Poor helpless things, they accepted his terms for they clung to the poor sticks of furniture eagerly now that their home was lost.

Ned laboured on for a month, steadily sticking to his trade, but that time was enough to show him that his toil would not suffice to feed those who now depended on him solely. What were his six shillings a week? Indeed, one shilling each week was paid towards the debt entailed by his father's funeral, and with the tiny balance there were three mouths to fill, besides the halfpence for baby's milk. Well-nigh in despair, he stated his case to his master, the blacksmith, setting forth the urgency for his betaking himself to ordinary labour, so that his weekly wage might be enlarged. The man saw the case was urgent, and let him go; and almost joyously Ned found himself in the field digging drains, joyous for that he earned eightpence a day. The wage would expand, you know, with the lengthening day.

To the lone, silent woman in the back street the father's death was a cruel wound. She had so wrought out her scheme for aiding that father when his extremity should draw near, had so pictured the joy of the redemption of the cottage, and forecast so largely her own restoration to it, a prodigal truly, but stealing back to the old father to show him that even in her farthest wanderings he and home were not forgotten. Oh, it was cruel that all this pleasure, that all this hope was vanished, buried with him who was the centre of her visions! It quite crushed her. She went for days without lighting her fire or cooking food. It was probably the routine of labour that forced her out at early morning, and detained her late of evenings; that occupied her muscles, and stayed the strain upon brain and nerves; this routine it probably was that saved her tottering reason. Souls only who have panted for forgiveness, staked all the joy of life upon the hope of being forgiven, can gauge the woe of her whose hope was dead.

In early February the silent snow came down over the fields, and labour was stopped. Of course there was no work and no pay for the luckless Ned. Yet for the first fortnight of this weather his employer gave him three stones of meal a

week, to tide him over the hard time, barely enough to keep bodies and souls of them together. No doubt the allowance would have been continued. But poor Ned sickened at the hearth where was no fire, while mother, and wife, and bairn sought now and again the warmth of a neighbour's ingle. I dare say he was hungry too, as well as down-hearted in his idleness, as down-hearted he must be at sight of the pale faces of his wife and child. Perhaps he despaired of ever seeing those pale faces rosy and joyous through his labour. Who knows the spirit of a man, what he can bear, what do? But ere the second week was ended, Ned went forth and returned not. It was cowardly thus to flee.

When his disappearance was noted and published about, so also was the unhappy fact that the cottage was the merchant's past redemption. It was even said that Ned had got a sum by way of reversion on surrendering the back letter, and fled therewith.

Then the daughter once more stood in the cottage. "Ned haes gane frae ye," she said.

Her mother was sitting with her grandchild on her knee. "Weel," she answered, "it mak's nae muckle differ tae us i' the foord o' pourtith. We were a' stairvin' when he gaed oot."

"Ye maun come wi' me. I hae store! Ye're ma mither, an' hae nane but me."

"Ay, dochter; there's this puir wean an' its mither. I winna quit them, though I stairv' wi' them."

"Cum' wi' me, mither! I hae routh for twa. I dinna ken them at a'. Cum' wi' me!"

While she spoke, the little child had slipped from the old woman's knee, and came toddling to the tattered skirt of its aunt, and the instinct of the woman within her, long congealed and frozen, suddenly thawed away at the touch and voice of the child. She took it up, and peered into its face; and a great sickness and yearning came over her desolated heart, like, I dare say, to the tingling pain that comes to limbs benumbed on the return of warmth. She was thinking of another baby face. In her sickness she sat down on a stool at the fireside, where was no fire; on the little stool that, in other days, had been "her own stool," and still she held the child.

And now she would have them all to her little cabin. "Ye be it tae leave this whatever, and I hae meal and milk; leastwise, a little portion; an' wages forbye. I can

keep ye a' through spring. Perhaps the wean's mither can help a bit."

She was a strange protectress this for a helpless household. Her dress, bemired and tattered, scarce hung about her body. Her hair was unkempt, and her face unclean, and the hands that proffered aid were horny and coarse. Their alternative was the harder, coarser charity of the poor's roll; and the child and its grandmother would go to sup with her when at night she came home from her labour.

They found her in her room, unswept and uncheered, save by the blazing peat fire, at which she was making porridge for them. She gave them few words of welcome, for speech had mostly gone from her. But her face and eyes spoke out the welcome that the voice gave not; told of pleasure restored to her whose life had been all coarse pain only, and blunted regret, so long that the face could not fashion itself to smiles. It was clear that she had eaten to live and no more; for her allowances of meal had accumulated into quite a store, in sacks and old barrels, and in an old wash-tub. Musty and damp in its ill-keeping it must be, yet was it well to see it thus laid up. She showed her money to mother also—full sixteen pounds; and the meal and the money were all for the mother, if only she would come to her.

They all came from the old home where famine pined, to the warm and full bothy of the daughter, and they brought all the old furniture with them. They swept up her floor, and brightened her poor home when they came; and slowly the dead feelings of life awoke within "Queer Jean" again in the companionship which sore calamity had won for her thus, albeit her companions were still green in sorrow and full of tears. And Jean would clothe her mother with a black wincey gown and a widow's cap, which poor symbols of grief had hitherto been beyond her reach. The mother would not have them unless Jean got a gown for herself. There was some debate about it, but at length they were both attired as was fitting. And after that they were found together again in the old church pew; and I am sure that joy was mingled greatly with sadness, perhaps I should say that their sadness was sprinkled with joy, for sad was the fact that they two poor women alone remained of the old pensioner's family group.

I do not know that poor Jean could for long have borne the burden thus adopted, but the same friend, that had aforetime succoured her, again came unlooked-for to lessen her load. In early May Ned's wid-

owed wife gave birth to a baby boy and died. People said she was "broken-hearted;" but for that, I think, so were they all. The survivors took up the infant tenderly, and nursed it with milk from the worker's pitcher, and it grew up a winsome child. But just when it had learned to name its "grannie," in the February, which was two years and three months after the pensioner went to his rest, his widow also died. It was matter of wonder how constantly and long poor Jean bewailed her, but I think I know why her grief was so persistent. When in her evil days, in her lonely sorrow, she had sorrowed most, even then she felt not utterly alone, for "up by" dwelt father, and mother, and brother. What although they had cast her from them? Still they were there, filling some gap in her poor heart, giving her some holdfast and hope in life. Then when her mother came to her the blankness in which she so long had labored was changed into a true sense of living, with some little pleasure in it, I am sure, although it was only the pleasure of stinting herself for the mother's sake. Now father and mother were with the dead. The brother was not; and she, poor woman, stood alone on the earth, feeling her isolation bitterly.

It was well that the two little children stood between her and a life blank and objectless. Rough woman as she was, she was very tender of them. At first it was perplexing how to deal with them, as she must go forth to her labour daily. But right ready are the poor to help such as they; and the widow next door cared for "the bairns" while Jean was absent. And now she has toiled and fed them for seven long years. They are the well-spring of life's gladness to her, she a loving mother, and more than mother, to them, specially watchful and tender of the young girl on her knee, who now is saying her evening prayer. Thus she sits in her cottage door in the evening sun, with the children twain, feeling, dimly and indistinctly no doubt, still feeling somewhat of the pleasantness that God sheds into the humblest hearts that serve Him. Somehow I feel assured that Ned, father of these little ones, will come back, quieted of disposition and prosperous, and that Jean's toil and struggles shall have an ample reward.

Is there "poetry" in this poor story, think you? Nay, believe me, it tells of every-day sins, of every-day sorrows, and of every-day goodness only. A thousand hearts in our land are bleeding and breaking now for evil thoughtlessly enacted.

Ten thousand poor hearts are beating with humble, but most lovable devotion, nerving rough hands for unwearying toil, that little ones like these may not lack food. Sin, sorrow, and self-sacrifice go largely to make up the sum of lowly humble life. At least, let it have your sympathy, and safely you may give sympathy here. Not one of our villagers doubts it — that to "Queer Jean" the King will hereafter give to eat of the hidden manna of his great love; will give her, also, the white stone of his perfect grace, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth.

From The Examiner.

THE ROUMANIAN DIFFICULTY.

WHEN, fifteen years ago, at the Peace of Paris, the victorious allies made it a condition that the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, forming the present Roumania, should be relieved from the onerous protectorate of St. Petersburg, they felt that they were carrying out a policy eminently calculated to further the objects contemplated by the war. The *rapprochement* between the vast Slave Empire and the Slave populations of Turkey had been a cause of the liveliest apprehensions to the politicians of the West. It was natural that they should look with pleasure to the creation of a State, not insignificant in its proportions, with nothing of the Slave in its composition, and which, stretching southwards from the Carpathian ranges along the shores of the Danube, would be a firmly inserted wedge between the kindred races whose formidable fusion was so devoutly to be deprecated. The Roumanians were the descendants of the Italian legionaries of Trajan. Their fathers had been planted on that soil to guard the frontiers of civilization against the ancient Sarmatæ. They still spoke a corrupted dialect of the old Italian as their mother tongue. They still prided themselves on their Roman lineage. Could they but succeed in consolidating themselves into a political community behind which the Bosnian, the Servian, and the Bulgarian might have time to develop independent instincts and interests, one pressing danger of Panslavism would run a fair chance of being altogether averted. The Sultan's firman of November 12, 1861, definitely legalizing the union of the Principalities under the national appellation of

Roumania, seemed to promise the complete confirmation of these views.

But the allied Powers committed two oversights. They calculated on the national feeling of Roumania being intense enough to bar even the mighty advance of Russia, and forgot that a national feeling so intense could hardly rest satisfied with the artificial arrangements by which more than a million of Roumanians continued to be dissevered from their independent countrymen as the subjects of Austro-Hungary. The whole of Roumania might have been within Austro-Hungary, or Turkey, as the case might be. Or the whole of Roumania might have been outside either of these States. But a compact national unity naturally objected to being neither the one thing nor the other. A perpetual effervescence was the bequest of the Treaty of Paris, as the consequence of maintaining the partition of Roumania. The other error of the allies consisted in a similar half-measure. They were pleased to allow the Roumanians to elect their ruler, forsooth. It was with the qualification, however, that they should elect a ruler. That they should simply rule themselves, that they should simply dispense with kingling or princelet, if they found such a course convenient, was an unorthodox supposition anathematized by the monarchisms, constitutional and unconstitutional, of the Paris Conference. How should the Roumanians be without a *Hospodar*, a *Domnu*, when so many unoccupied young gentlemen of the best European families were to be found loafing about every palace-corner of the Old World? There is this beatitude about the monarchical theory. It is only necessary to select some confirmed idler, to feed him well, to give him fine clothes to wear, to see that he has money whoever goes without, to burn gunpowder in his honour, to bow down before him as Israel bowed down before the golden calves their hands had made, and behold! we have a state of things which not the severe majesty of the commonwealth, not the ordered prosperity of equal citizens marshalling their own affairs, can ever hope, however distantly, to emulate. Thanks to the great Powers, Roumania has had her golden calves, and the result has been everything that might have been anticipated.

When, in the February of 1866, the popular indignation drove the ex-Colonel Couza, the Prince Alexander John I., as he had been styled, from the Roumanian throne, the natural solution of the difficulty lay on the surface. Not even a candidate

for the vacant royalty existed in the country. John Ghika himself felt that neither he nor any other scion of Roumanian aristocracy had a chance. The Roumanian people only required to be left to mind their own business and fulfil their own wishes. Unless some foreigner, some Maximilian of Mexico, was to be imposed upon them by external influence, there was no fear of any pretender arising to resuscitate a form of government which had been tried and found wanting. Of course the external influence came into play. Even when the great Powers are so good as to recognize a revolution, they feel aggrieved unless some sort of hereditary person is tacked on to it.

In the February of 1866 there was a good deal of Machiavellianism — Machiavellianism of which we have since seen the outcome — at work in Europe. Herr von Bismarck was engaged in persuading the Emperor Napoleon what an excellent speculation it would be for France to let Prussia conquer Austria. The Roumanian vacancy turned up in the very nick of time. The resentment of the Roumanians on account of the million or so of their brethren whom Austria retained, and meant to keep, was quite capable of utilization. And though Herr von Bismarck had secured the Italians, and tampered with the Magyars, he still felt that he could not be too safe. Prussia was playing for a big stake. And when the final blow should be struck, outwitted, out-manceuvred Austria was to find a latent enemy ready to burst upon her, at every quarter where an open enemy was not already arrayed. Roumania was another opportunity. What could be nicer or better than that the Roumanian forces should be directed by a creature of France, or, what was just the same, by a creature of Prussia, since, as the Emperor Napoleon had learned from his dear Von Bismarck, the interests of Prussia and France were identical? We have not often, in these latter days, seen such diplomacy as Herr von Bismarck's.

The Roumanian leaders had nothing for it but to register the choice of France and Prussia, particularly as the other great Powers also were brought to look without disfavour on the candidature of Prince Karl von Hohenzollern. The adroit hint that the national aspirations of all good Roumanians would not be found to suffer from deserving the friendship of Prussia, was not without a mollifying effect. John Ghika, the representative of the traditions of lineage, and John Bratiano, the able and powerful chief of the Roumanian democra-

cy, were alike on the side of prudence and compromise. And when Lascar Catargiu, Nicolas Golesto, and Colonel Haralambi handed over the principality to the hopeful ex-lieutenant of Prussian dragoons, the transaction excited less dissatisfaction than at one period seemed likely.

For a time Prince Karl was able to keep up appearances. He might any day be asked to keep Austria busy on her south-eastern frontier. And advanced Roumanians were delighted at the importation of Prussian military men, Prussian weapons, and Prussian organization, all which were to be employed, it was known, in conquering for Roumania her natural position. Suddenly the long-prepared war of 1866 broke out. The disorganized and undermined Austrian Empire collapsed in a week. There was no further need of Roumania, except as an outpost or outwork which Prussia might again find useful upon occasion, and which, pending the occasion, had better be kept in Prussian hands.

It is not easy to describe the feelings with which Roumanian Liberals came to understand how completely they had been made cat's-paws of. They found themselves also plunged in pecuniary embarrassments. Under the influence of the hopes with which they had been deluded, they had consented to an expenditure colossal in proportion to the development of the country, had incurred heavy railway debts, not so much for commercial as for strategic purposes, and were credited with responsibilities still greater than they had knowingly incurred. They had, in fact, been fooled into very nearly ruining themselves in the interests of the country of their prince; and, now that they were no longer wanted, they had their labour for their pains. It is unnecessary to state that Prince Karl found himself the reverse of popular. Accomplices and principals are not easily dissociated. More than this. When Prussia again went to war, this time against France, and when Roumania might again have been useful in preparing a little diversion for Austria, the tide of feeling in Roumania pronounced itself unreservedly on the side of France. Under these circumstances, an extraordinary tentative on the part of Prince Karl opened up the gravest consequences. By the existing Constitution of Roumania, established by a Constituent Assembly, elected by universal suffrage in the summer succeeding Prince Karl's acceptance of the throne, the legislative power is vested in a Senate and Chamber of Depu-

ties, chosen by all Roumanian citizens, aged twenty-five years, who can read and write. To the Prince a suspensive veto is allowed. It was clear that, with such a Constitution, the adventurous Hohenzollern could not make Prussians of his subjects against their will. At the same time, it might be taken for granted that, now at least, they would hardly be Prussianized by peaceable means. What alternative was left to an obedient disciple of the policy of Berlin than to plan the subversion of the disagreeably liberal Roumanian Constitution? In a letter to a German friend, published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the ingenuous Prince Karl poured forth his solicitude for an unhappy people, cursed with a form of government so democratic as to allow them to control the actions of the Executive, and, tenderly recalling the memories of that Fatherland where the Junker and the Drill Sergeant reign supreme, announced his conviction that in "a revision of the Constitution" rested the only hope of Roumania.

The Prince had shown his hand. The Liberal party were at once in arms. Bratiano, Rosetti, Blaremborg marshalled the democratic ranks. The storm rose so high that the intriguing Prince was compelled for the time to bow before it. An apologetic explanation, tendered by the head of the Ministry, John Ghika, assured the incensed deputies that the letter was a mere passing folly and meant nothing more serious.

The letter was no passing folly. On the 22nd of last month, the German residents at Bucharest took occasion to display their ostentatious satisfaction at the conclusion of the most inhuman peace our century has known. As at Zurich, the populace was provoked to riotous proceedings. Prince Karl took advantage of the incident to dismiss his Ministers, suspected of little love for the Hohenzollern designs; to summon to his aid the chosen troops, the National Guards being rendered harmless by the seizure of their ammunition; to nominate a reactionary Cabinet; to dissolve the Chambers whose Liberal majority could not but be fatal to his *coup d'état*, and to announce a revision of the Constitution. To make that revision more feasible, the thirty-one prefectures of the principality have been filled with trusty men, boyars and others, to whom, as to the prefects of M. Rouher, the manipulation of elections may be trusted with confidence. On the other hand, the leaders of the national opposition of all parties and shades, Cogalnitscheano, Bratiano,

Ghika, Jonesco, have published an address urging upon their followers the absolute necessity of the firmest union in face of the danger which threatens to engulf the liberties of Roumania.

What is to be the end? Will Roumania be remodelled to suit the policy of the Hohenzollerns? Will, as one report has it, the more liberal Wallachia be separated again from the Moldavian territory? Russia has just obtained the disappearance of one clause of the Treaty of Paris. Her astute diplomatists will see with pleasure the splintering of that alien nationality which was to have been a wall of adamant against the torrent of Panславism. Will Turkey step in to restore peace by the summary process of terminating Roumanian independence? The powerful party who cherish the traditions of the late Fuad Pasha would counsel intervention of this kind. It might make little difference to Roumania whether her freedom was prostrate beneath the heel of a Turk or a Junker. But, if we are to judge by the tone of the press of Belgrade, the sword of Servia will leave the scabbard long ere the banner of the Crescent shall have won the towers of Bucharest; and it is probable that for many reasons the attitude of the decrepit empire of the Moslem will continue to be *Would Like*, but *Dare Not*. In any case, the situation is full of danger to the peace of Europe. The East is a powder magazine where a spark is sufficient to cause a universal explosion. How much might have been avoided if, instead of this mania for establishing dynasties, the broad principle of the Republic were generally admitted! It will be lamentable if, as the intrusion of one Hohenzollern provoked the terrible war which has just been suspended, so the intrusion of another is destined to produce consequences still more disastrous, more lasting, and more extensive.

From The Spectator.

FEDERALISM AND FRANCE.

ONE of the few points which become clearer and clearer, as this otherwise confused and confusing Revolution in Paris drags its slow length along, is that Proudhon's idea of federation as the secret of the only practicable mode of popular government in France has struck deep root into the minds of the Republicans, and will have to be very gravely considered indeed by French statesmen, whether they

succeed in suppressing the present revolution or not. How serious the case is, and how hopeless it makes even popular prophets like M. Louis Blanc, nothing shows more clearly than the letter in which M. Louis Blanc,—(who headed the poll in Paris when the Assembly was chosen, and feels for Paris something at least of the veneration which Victor Hugo has erected almost into a faith),—has declared against it, thereby, no doubt, sacrificing deliberately many of his adherents among the extreme party. For well considered, there is hardly any legitimate escape from the royal and imperial principle in France except the Federal principle,—while, on the other hand, there is hardly any legitimate escape from the federalization of France except the royal or imperial principle. M. Louis Blanc really knows this. He knows that the Assembly of which he is a member, elected by universal suffrage, would return to royalty or imperialism to-morrow if it were allowed to act freely. He knows that any successor to it, elected in the same way, would do the same. He knows that the only conceivable chance for “a republic one and indivisible” in France is the not very republican proposal to restrict the electoral suffrage by a law excluding the mass of the peasantry. He knows that this would mean the towns governing the country districts,—against their will,—by ideas only popular in the towns. He knows, on the other hand, that a federation would be a security against royalty and imperialism on the same principle on which the cellular structure of a ship is a security against the mischief of a leak. Separate the State into distinct provincial compartments and you have a guarantee against the spread of any centralizing enthusiasm, because no province could hope to place a king or emperor over all France without giving up its own local rights and liberties, to which the provinces would probably be even more deeply attached than to any central principle whatever. The very provinces,—like Brittany,—which are most deeply royalist, are also most deeply attached to their own local habits and rights. Grant them the latter, and they will gladly waive their demand for a King; but refuse them the local rights, and immediately they press for the acceptance of their single centralizing idea. M. Louis Blanc knows all this, nay, has known and pondered it for years. And yet he cannot and will not admit the idea of Federation:—“France advancing united and compact to the pacific conquest

of its liberty, and that of the world, with Paris—the immortal Paris—for capital, is a prospect which tempts me,” he says, “more I admit, than France reverting, after being torn in pieces, to that Italian Federalism of the middle ages which was the cause of continual intestine contentions in Italy, and which delivered her, lacerated by herself, to the blows of every foreign invader.” No doubt it does. But he does not tell us, what we suspect to be the simple truth, that the alternative to this miserable picture of France “torn to pieces” and reverting to “that Italian Federalism of the middle ages which was the cause of continual intestine contentions in Italy, and which delivered her, lacerated by herself, to the blows of every foreign invader,” is hardly France, *free*, united, and compact, but France united and compact under a government which suppresses *either* the freedom of the country or the freedom of the towns. “Not,” he goes on to say, “that I am for centralization carried to extremes. Far from it. I consider that the Commune represents the idea of unity not less truly than the State, although under another aspect. The State corresponds with the principle of nationality, the Commune corresponds with the principle of association; if the State is the edifice, the Commune is the foundation,”—which would be exceedingly well, if it only did not happen that the various “foundations of the edifice” are laid on very different levels, and are not, therefore, in any way suitable for the foundations of one and the same edifice. But as it does happen in point of fact that such Communes as those of Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, St. Etienne, &c., would be foundations of one sort of edifice, and the departmental or provincial organizations would be foundations of quite another, and that no common edifice could be raised on these very uneven foundations, M. Louis Blanc’s letter must be taken to mean that after weighing all the evils of both solutions, he finds the evil of Federalism, with the weakness and probable impotence it would impose on France, even more intolerable than the evils of a civilization in which either the peasants must govern the cities or the cities must govern the peasants. No doubt he would far prefer the latter kind of centralization, if he could see his way to it. But he must, we think, be taken to have admitted that if, as is probable, it is *not* possible,—if the peasants from their superior numbers must have a greater weight in any homogeneous organization of France than the

cities—even so, homogeneity with vastly less liberty for the cities, would be preferable to Federalism with complete liberty. M. Louis Blanc wants “a republic one and indivisible,” but yet would prefer, as we gather, “France one and indivisible,” even if not a republic, to France torn and divided among a number of Communes, however free.

This is a remarkable opinion to be passed by one who was really the most popular man in Paris, the representative, *par excellence*, of the higher Socialistic ideas, and therefore above all things likely to give the fullest weight to that craving after Federalism which seems to be the only distinct feature in the new revolution. And there is great reason to believe that M. Louis Blanc does not in the least exaggerate the hopelessness of any real Federal unity in France. We must remember that a Federal Government in such a country as France would have a very different duty indeed from the Federal Government of such a country as Switzerland, or still more such a Government as the United States. It would have to defend a country which would be far too large and too powerful for neutralization,—nay, too large and powerful for the policy of extreme caution and neutrality which is the traditional policy of Switzerland. Moreover, the French people are the last in the world to subject themselves to the necessary restraints of such a policy. They are vain, vivacious, full of brilliance. Their literature alone would provoke, as it has so often provoked, the bitterest enemies. They are restless, too, and their intellect is incisive and capricious. They would never long endure a lowly place in the world. Yet once federalize France, and you would find it an almost impossible problem for the central Government to overcome the local jealousies and animosities. If war were to break out, the animosities between towns and country, between commune and commune, between province and province, would be interminable. The central Government would have no power to overcome these jealousies, and yet no power to face the enemy till they were overcome. Bretons and Burgundians, and Normans and Provençals would quarrel as to the relative magnitude of their contributions to the war and to its funds; jealousies of race as to the command of troops would be stronger than ever,—and they were strong enough in the recent war,—since the local principle would have been fairly consecrated by separate administrations of the various

provinces. The foreign policy which approved itself most to Normandy would approve itself least to Provence. Nice and Savoy given up to their own local government would probably break away from France altogether. The department of the Jura would in all probability feel that Federalism once admitted, its national affinities are stronger with a Swiss Federation than with a French. The Roman Catholics of the Flemish border would find the ties to Belgium growing stronger as the tie of France grew weaker. And against difficulties such as these the Federal Government would have to travel on its difficult and perilous way. Nothing can in fact be less like the situation of a federated France than the situation of the United States and of the Swiss Cantons. In the latter, all the traditions are of the same hue; all the dangers are of the same kind; all the political life is homogeneous; and, perhaps most important of all, all the local interests either far outweigh the central interests in importance, or, at least, did so during the period in which the federal principle was rooting itself in the minds of the people. Now, in France, all the provincial traditions are of opposite hues; the dangers are very diverse; the political life is most heterogeneous; and yet important as are the local interests of the people, the central interests are inevitably still more important, and therefore certain to be the subject of the hottest possible rivalries and contests between the Federated elements. Nothing, then, can be less favourable for Federation than the conditions of public life in France, and we should fear that the federal experiment, if ever tried, would only be a name for chronic civil war. And so also, we take it, thinks M. Louis Blanc.

We hold, therefore, that the real alternative before France, if she is not to fall into chronic civil war, is either a strong central government dictated by the peasants, who are Royalists, or a strong central government dictated by the cities, which are Republican,—and in either case one strong enough to put down and keep down the others. If the cities were to conquer, there would be the anomaly of a minority forcing a majority to accept a form of freedom which they were not free enough to reject. If the country were once more to conquer, there would be again the anomaly of the most ignorant and reactionary governing the most intelligent and energetic, and of a government really averse to education, instead of favourable to it as a means of government.

The alternative is not a pleasant one. Either one branch or the other of it involves the gravest practical and moral anomalies. But either one or the other is, we fear, more feasible and less dangerous than the experiment of Federalism, which would probably involve all the evils of each and many of its own as well.

From The Spectator.

THE GERMAN UPPER HOUSE.

WE noticed some weeks ago, while discussing the new Constitution of Germany, that Prince Bismarck in preparing it had performed an extraordinary feat of conservative statesmanship. He had succeeded, in the teeth of almost all constitutional theorists, in constructing an Upper House strong enough to resist pressure from the Lower, composed of few persons, extremely conservative on all points on which he desired conservatism, and yet able to hold its own against the whole body of the people. We should *a priori* have thought such a feat impossible, but he has accomplished it, and in a great speech delivered on Wednesday, the 19th inst., before the Reichstag, he admitted that his design from the first had been to create an Upper House stronger than any hitherto existing in Europe. Herr Schulze-Delitsch, the great advocate of co-operation in Germany, had introduced a motion for granting salaries and travelling expenses to members of the Reichstag, a motion which the Chancellor of the Empire resolutely opposed, in a speech analyzed with much care in his European organ, the *Correspondent*. This question of payment is habitually prejudged in England, but it does not on the Continent, or indeed in any poor State, imply precisely the same thing as in this country. Very few persons in Germany, France, or Italy can live without working unless they are proprietors, and the rights of property being much more endangered there than here, almost all proprietors are rigidly conservative. Distances, too, are much greater, trains are much slower, and for professional men to earn money and still serve as members without pay is almost if not entirely impracticable. The Chancellor, well aware that in the Prussian Parliament the payment of members enables Liberal professionals to secure seats, and that they are the bones of the Liberal organization, established non-payment as the rule in the Federal Assembly, and is most

unwilling to consent to any innovation. With a tact, however, which he seldom exhibits, he abstained from employing this argument, and declared that he resisted the proposal in the interest of popular representation. "Unpaid Sessions were always short sessions," and it was only when Sessions were short that all classes of the community could stand as candidates. This argument was of course rejected by the House, as the payment of members would secure general representation much more easily than short Sessions, which left the Government too absolute, and on the final vote the payment was decreed from next Session. It is still, however, doubtful if the vote will be allowed, as the Federal Council has to assent, and the Chancellor, in answer to a remark that if he dreaded universal suffrage he should create an Upper House, declared that the Council was the power on which he relied, that it was independent, co-ordinate, and far less liable to coercion than any House of Lords that he could hope to establish. "Experience had convinced him that ordinary Upper Houses were unable to answer the required end, stronger forces being required to check a body which represented the entire nation," — a curiously savage rap for his old friends the Junkers. The Federal Council was such a force, each of its twenty-five members being nominated by a ruling prince, representing not his own opinion, but that of his State, and had therefore a weight in consultation which could not attach to any private gentleman. The Chancellor believed there was "an immense future" in store for the Council, which represented wider varieties of opinion than any elective Assembly could do, which was by the Constitution "placed on an equality with the Reichstag," and which "was far more powerful than Upper Chambers usually are;" and he "was therefore opposed to every change in the institutions of Germany which might tend to weaken the power of this Upper Chamber." That is a frank confession. Prince Bismarck, with an acumen which almost extorts admiration from his opponents — the man is so efficient in his own line — has succeeded in creating a body which, with all the strength of the American Senate, and more than its impersonality — for the actual debaters in the Federal Council are but delegates, and discuss in secret — has all the subservience of a Chamber of nominees, and can and will arrest all Liberal legislation without exposing the Emperor to the odium his use of a veto might have produced. That

the Chancellor intends to use this body is evident, and that his action will for the present be condoned, is also evident, if only from the strenuous and continued cheering with which his declaration was received. The Federal Councillors are, in fact, the Princes of Germany, and they cannot as yet be coerced by their own subjects without danger of Revolution. Bismarck has for the moment mastered the immense power which, in the shape of the general Parliament, he has himself created. 'He cannot, it is true, compel it to adopt a new initiative, but he can forbid it to adopt one, and as the existing *régime* exactly suits his ideas, and ought, in his judgment, "to have time to strike its roots deeper into the soil," an effective power of veto will give him all that he desires. It will compel Germany to remain for a time submissive, if not silent under his master's sway. No military law, no law of Federal taxation, no law modifying the criminal code, however popular or however excellent, can be passed without the distinct assent of a majority of the Sovereigns voting after a system which leaves to the King of Prussia and his immediate dependents an indisputable majority. Nothing, in fact, short of a change in the mode of appointing the Federal Council can give the German people any real control over their own affairs.

We do not remember such a triumph of skill in the manufacture of constitutions; but, nevertheless, there is evidence in it of a certain shortness of vision, a certain reliance on mere expedients in policy. Nothing is more dangerous to despots than to make the instrument of their despotism exceedingly conspicuous. Napoleon ruled through the Army and the peasants' votes till it has become the first object of French Liberals to nullify those votes, and to restrict the admission of the Army into the great cities. Prince Bismarck rules, and admits he rules, through the Federal Council, and consequently the first aspiration of all German Liberals will be to remodel the constitution of that body. The moment the war is over, and Germans have time to consider internal politics, reform in the mode of electing the Council will become the universal cry, and will be accepted in this State and successful in that until the Council has become the equivalent of a Senate. In the smaller States there will be no need of insurrection. Their entire history proves that their Kings cannot always resist a general demand, they are bound to some extent to act by the advice of their Parliaments,

and if their Parliaments elect the Councillors, the Council will be a Senate like that of the Union, and with more than its power. Only Prussia can resist, and Prussia's power of resistance will be immensely weakened by the submission of all the remaining Princes, the loss of moral support from the constituents of the Empire. Resistance *à outrance* under such circumstances, resistance, that is, when the question at issue is not the existence or even the status of the Empire, but only the mode of appointing certain councillors within its bounds, may some day prove too dangerous to be continued. The unity of the Empire might be at stake, and however the present Kaiser may feel, his successors are certain to over-value rather than under-value that grand Imperial Crown. And yet the Federal Council once improved by this single concession, once elected by Legislatures instead of nominated by Kings, Germany, whatever her name, becomes a Republic constituted after the strictest Republican ideas, a mighty Federal State controlled by a Congress in which Upper and Lower House are equally elective. The only counterbalancing power would in that case be that of the Emperor, and that would be limited, as it was not limited in England, by the independent authority conferred by the Constitution on the Council over peace and war, and over the terms of the Federal pact. The machinery needful for covert Republicanism like that of Great Britain is all there in working order, in a form to which the people are accustomed, needing nothing in fact beyond a change in constitutional etiquette. If the Sovereigns, instead of appointing whom they please to the Council, are compelled or induced to appoint those whom their Parliaments select, the pivot of power in Germany is transferred at once from the Sovereigns to the people. There is no hereditary Upper House to be overcome. There is no passionate love for the States as such to be subdued. The Reichstag is already elected by direct universal suffrage. The Federal Council would then be elected by a suffrage twice distilled, and as the Emperor possesses as such no veto, Germany would, to all practical purposes, be a Federal Republic under an Imperial flag. We do not say that such a change is likely to be rapid, for Germany has just now too many temptations to avoid internal change, to stereotype institutions, which to her must appear to have secured the headship of Europe, but we do say that the great Chancellor may yet discover that he was

premature in exulting over his strongest instrument. It is a good machine and a strong, so good and so strong that it may be driven by wind as well as steam, by

the *popularis aura* as well as the Imperial volition, and wind has this advantage over steam,—that it costs the workmen nothing.

THE following is an extract from a letter which we have received from one of our correspondents in Paris, dated the 12th of April:—“We never had during all the former siege such noisy cannonade as we have had all last night and this morning. “Oncle Balerian,” as the Germans called Mont Valérien, has never ceased thundering. Our house shook throughout once or twice in the night. The Reds do not seem to know what they are doing in the way of defence. One day they dug deep trenches across the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, and the next day they closed them up neatly again. Their drilling in the streets is quite comical even to the most unmilitary observer. They look half dead and are in rags. As a mass they may be said to form quite an inferior race, stunted, fierce, and stupid-looking and sickly. In all this hot weather they always go about with a thick coverlet rolled round their body, nobody knows why. They probably were told it was a “military precaution” in January last. But it is not their appearance, poor devils, that is comical; it is the actual drilling. The officers know nothing, and treat their naked swords as they would walking sticks, dragging them along on the ground and poking at the pavement with the point. I have seen them actually throw their swords down on the ground while they ran to administer a smart admonition to a man in the ranks. And the captain’s or commandant’s dress is almost always most eccentric. This Red insurrection will have had one good result: it has done much to appease the hatred towards the Germans. The German-spy fever is over. All respectable people would now prefer the Germans to the Communists. Even these latter see now that what they called savageness in the invader—bombardment, shooting of combatants out of uniform, &c.—is to be found among French soldiers at Versailles, and is, in fact, only war. I had a striking instance of this new feeling towards the Germans in the change—the miracle, I should say—which has been worked in the bosoms of the nuns of the convent of L’Espérance close by, in which I have a relation. For the last week or so the whole convent has been busy making up lay dresses in case the nuns should have to leave the convent and hide. I went there yesterday and showed them how to set about making their bonnets, poor creatures, and gave them an old one as a model. I found that my relative, with a dozen of the youngest nuns, had left by the Nord line, and had gone off to the Abbey of

Royaumont. They had chosen the Nord because they would soon meet the Prussians there! The Abbess added: “They will be perfectly safe there—there are 300 Prussians lodged in the convent. They are respectful and even pious. Some are Catholics and some are Protestants, Mais tous sont pieux et d’une convenance parfaite.” I have no doubt this is quite true, but it was as good as a joke coming from the same abbess who during the siege had told me, with upturned eyes, that she heard horrible stories about the treatment of their convents (all vague stories, without even a name mentioned), but that in most cases the nuns had fortunately been able to “sauver le bon Dieu” (meaning the consecrated wafers). I felt tempted to tell her I thought that was rather reversing the parts, but I withheld this Voltairian remark.”

Pall Mall.

THE Broom (*Sarothamnus scoparius*) is extremely abundant in Maderia, but is supposed to have been originally introduced to the island. It is now sown extensively on the mountains for the purpose of being cut down for firing, or burnt on the spot every five to seven years to fertilize the ground. The twigs and more slender branches are also used commonly as withs for binding bundles of faggots, brushwood, fern, &c.; and numbers of country people, especially young girls and children, residing within reach of Funchal, gain a livelihood by bringing daily into the town bundles of broom for use in heating ovens, &c. The fine and delicate basket-work peculiar to Maderia is manufactured from the slender peeled twigs of this plant. Mr. Lowe speaks of a variety with pure white flowers which occurs on this island.

Nature.

THE culture of bamboo for paper making and other purposes is being promoted by the Government of Central India. The Indian Government is buying land in the hill district of the Neilgherries for a spice plantation. Col. Boddam has proposed the cultivation of the sunflower in Mysore. It is very successful in France. Government has sent out six more Scotch gardeners for experimental cotton growing. These men have answered very well.

Nature.